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and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXXV. No. 2272

London
January 10, 1945



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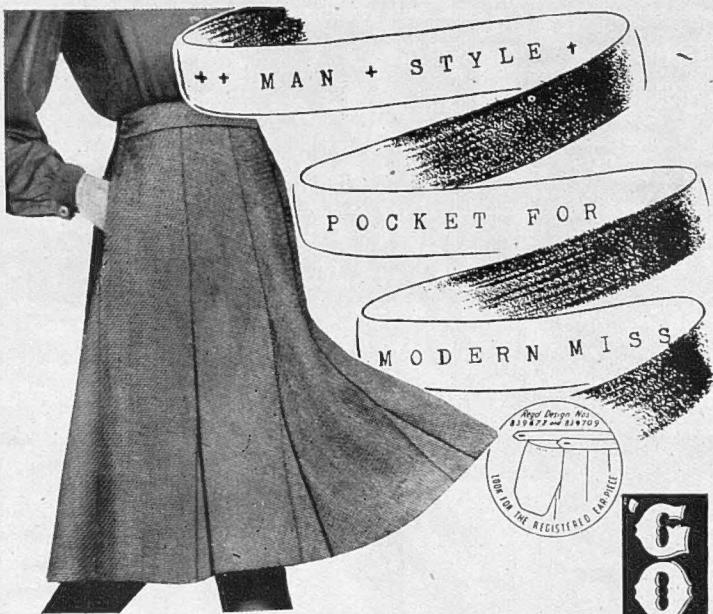
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Yevonde

Lady Chesham Has An Important Job

Lady Chesham is the Assistant Director of the Clubmobile department of the American Red Cross, and has been in charge of the personnel of this vast organization for over two and a half years. Before that she was a welfare officer in the A.T.S. She is herself an American—the daughter of Mr. Daniel C. Donoghue of Philadelphia—and married Lord Chesham as her third husband a year before the war. Lady Chesham has two daughters by her first husband, and a son by her second marriage to the Earl of Carrick



Naval Conversation in New York Harbour

Admiral Sir James Somerville, head of the British Admiralty Delegation to the U.S., with Cdr. F. G. Reinicke, Port Director of New York, inspected U.S. pilots of New York and New Jersey who navigate the lease-lend convoys through the channels between New York and convoy routes



Assistant Chief of Naval Staff

Rear-Admiral L. D. Mackintosh, D.S.O., D.S.C., was appointed recently as an Assistant Chief of Naval Staff. He was Chief Staff Officer, Royal Australian Naval Air Service from 1939-41, and later was in charge of the aircraft carrier, H.M.S. Eagle



WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

Grim

ALL along the Western Front, as in Budapest, the Germans are fighting grimly. By every sign and every effort they are demonstrating that they recognize that this is, for them, the final stage. Their main object on the Western Front is to pin down the Allied armies, and to prevent them launching a strong offensive at any one point. The fight amid the ruins of Budapest has for its purpose the barring of the way to Vienna, which they believe the Russians are intent on seizing as soon as they can. All the reports from the Western Front show that the Germans are putting all that they possess in their great effort to stop the Allies and, if possible, produce a stalemate. Indicative of German organization and strength is the quality of the man-power still available to them, and the material which forms their equipment. Apart from a definite shortage of petrol, the Germans in the first onrush of their counter-offensive had no lack of first-class equipment. Everything they used was of the best quality, and well made. This is an interesting commentary on the remarkable power of the German war machine, as much as a warning that aerial bombardment cannot bring to a standstill the industrial machine of a nation determined to make war, if everything is properly planned. It is obvious that when the Germans prepared for this war they took every precaution to protect their war industries. Thus, at the last moment, they were able to produce effective equipment for their troops, as well as a remarkable battle weapon in the Royal Tiger tank.

Shortage

THE fact that the Germans have had to use tanks for dug-in defences must be a serious handicap to their armies. In the mobile offensive which they have launched freedom of movement was one of the first essentials. The shortage of petrol, however, must give the Allies an important advantage which must grow as the battles increase in intensity. There is no doubt that the battle will become fiercer, for while it is true that neither side have the initiative at the time of writing, one or the other must seize it before long. The actions of the Allied Commanders have been quite interesting to study. They have not shown much of their hand as yet, but it is a safe assumption that before long they will use all the strength at their command to engage Rundstedt's weakened forces in a desperate battle.

The Germans cannot hope to keep the Allied forces pinned down at all points, nor are the Allies likely to be fooled for long by any of Rundstedt's diversions. If the most is to be made of the situation which has been gradually developing to the advantage of the Allies, there must be a plan of some kind. We shall have to wait and see what form this plan takes. Once again the weather will affect its timing. But clearly time is the one thing that the Germans are trying to win. It will be the task of the Allied Commanders to make full use of the smallest opportunity to impose the severest punishment on the Germans in order to encompass their defeat as quickly as possible.

Success

THE German aerial attack on Allied airfields in Belgium and Holland which ended so disastrously for them was an invaluable success for the Allies. Even if the Germans succeeded in smashing a number of Allied machines on the ground, their estimated losses of 364 machines was a serious blow. It might prove a crippling blow, for it must have an effect on the morale of the Luftwaffe as a whole as well as on their reserves of material. In this sudden aerial onslaught the Germans appear to have been searching for a quick victory. But the watchfulness of the Royal Air Force, and the co-ordination achieved with the United States air forces, proved impregnable. If the Germans felt that such an attack was necessary for other reasons than a propaganda victory, it can only have been in order to smash the Tactical Air Forces which have done such a large amount of damage to enemy troop concentrations and transport. When Hitler foresaw the value and strength of the Luftwaffe for the mysterious uncertainties of secret weapons, he certainly made another classic blunder. The Luftwaffe cannot suffer more than a few of these defeats; and nothing Hitler's secret weapons can do will win the war for him. Events have proved this. The fly-bomb and the rocket are proving as ineffective on the battlefield as they have been against Southern England.

Myth

THERE is the usual speculation as to whether or not Hitler personally delivered his doleful New Year broadcast to the German nation. But it doesn't seem to matter a lot whether he actually did or not. The fact is that he is being built up by every means into the greatest of all German myths. They are a people who love to have myths, and Goebbels has been working overtime in making the man Hitler into a saint with all the characteristics of greatness and determination, brotherhood and love, vision and vitality even in his advancing years. The propaganda is brilliant; let us hope that the myth is not allowed to mar the future, when victory has been won and peace is the problem.

Defeat

THE situation in Greece is being cleaned up and the British forces have been strengthened. But this does not appear as yet to be a solution of the problem of Greece. There is something more. It is as if liberation leaves behind the germs of a disease which can be virulent if not handled skilfully. On the day of their liberation the Greeks found themselves without money, without work, and without food. These were basic wants, and in the light of events, it is obvious that they should have been satisfied first and that the political aspirations of the various groups should have been "frozen" until economic stability had been achieved. It is easy to be wise after the event. The British Government were aware of these basic problems, and did their utmost to satisfy them. At the same time they were anxious to satisfy their own pronouncements that the liberation of Hitler-occupied countries would mean immediate freedom. In the case of Greece freedom brought civil strife and added suffering. The appointment of Archbishop Damaskinos was regarded as the best solution of the regency question, which there is little doubt King George of the Hellenes was compelled by circumstances to accept on the advice of Mr. Churchill. But the Archbishop in his capacity as Regent soon met new

trouble, and found it difficult to form a government representative of all parties. His appointment of General Plastiras as Prime Minister was supposed to be acceptable to the majority of Greek politicians, although Left-wing elements in this country and the United States can be expected to be critical.

Decision

YOUNG King Peter of Yugoslavia has followed the example of King George of the Hellenes, albeit without the preliminary strife in his own country, and appointed a Regency Council to rule the country pending a plebiscite to decide whether he shall return as King or not. He is the third monarch to have lost his throne in this war, if King Leopold of the Belgians is excluded. The first was, of course, King Victor Emmanuel of Italy. There is no doubt that King Peter has been wisely advised. The Regency Council will have representatives of Serbs, Croats and Slovenes as members. Marshal Tito will be the Prime Minister.

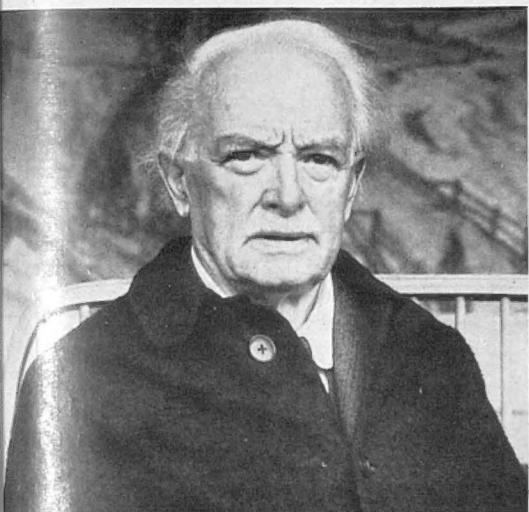
Airing

THERE has been a healthy airing of feelings between Britain and the United States through the medium of newspaper and magazine articles. But as yet President Roosevelt has done nothing more than admit

that there are differences existing between the two countries. He asserts that mostly they are differences in detail and not in principle. This is most reassuring. At the same time we shall have to wait until the President has sent his message to Congress, or even until his Inauguration Address before we can know the policy the United States proposes to pursue. Any policy announcement the President makes will be interesting in the light of the coming Allied Three-Power Conference.

Honour

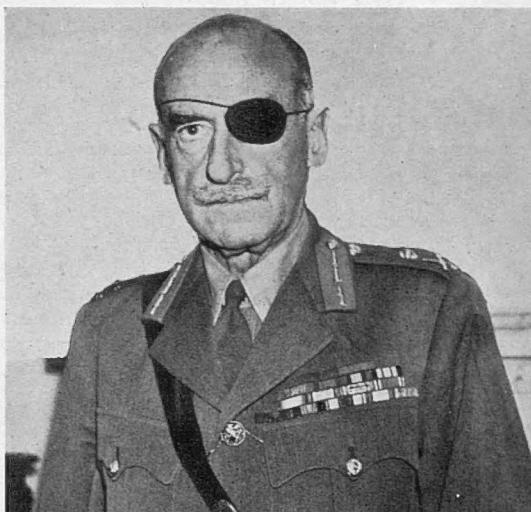
THROUGHOUT his political career Mr. Lloyd George has been a man of surprises. His opponents in the House of Commons learned to be wary of him in debate. He always produced the unexpected. Ending his career in the House of Commons he has surprised everybody by accepting an earldom. He becomes Earl Lloyd George, and a member of the House of Lords, which in his early political years he attacked more bitterly than any politician has ever done. In accepting the honour he has followed the example of the late Lord Oxford and Asquith and Earl Baldwin of Bewdley. The late Mr. Ramsay Macdonald declined an earldom. Mr. Churchill's friends expect that he will do the same when the time comes.



The Rt. Hon. David Lloyd George, O.M., M.P., becomes an Earl. He has represented Caernarvon Boroughs continuously for fifty-four years, but has decided not to contest the next Parliamentary election



Air Marshal Sir Keith Rodney Park, M.C., D.F.C., receives the K.C.B. (Military Division). He became A.O.C.-in-C. Middle East in February last year, and was previously A.O.C. R.A.F. Mediterranean



Lt.-Gen. Adrian Carton de Wiart, V.C., created a K.B.E., is Mr. Churchill's special representative in China. He was captured by the Italians in 1941, but later released to help negotiate their surrender



Sir Charles Bruce-Gardner becomes a Baronet. He is Chief Executive for Reconstruction at the Board of Trade. He was for two years a member of the Council of the Minister of Aircraft Production



Major T. L. Dugdale, M.P., receives a Baronetcy. He was chairman of the Conservative Party for two years, but recently resigned on account of ill health. He represents Richmond, Yorks, in the House of Commons



Brig. L. E. H. Whiby, awarded a Knighthood for service in the development of the sulphonamide group of drugs, is head of the Army Blood Transfusion Service, and formerly Bacteriologist at the Middlesex Hospital

Six Distinguished People Whose Names Appear in the New Year Honours List

MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

"Wilson"

By James Agate

WHEN, in 1885, Henry Irving produced W. G. Wills's *Faust* considerable fuss was made over the fact that the Lyceum management had sent to Nuremberg to have an exact copy made of the gates of that city. In an interview given to the representative of a Manchester paper—I think I could guess which paper that was—Irving said: "Many of Goethe's finest speeches would be 'stale, flat, and unprofitable' if given in full on the stage. The fine metaphysical and philosophical discussions between Faust and Wagner, and Mephistopheles and the Student, in the earlier part of Goethe's work—fine as they undoubtedly are—are not suited to dramatic representation. They would not be listened to. *Faust*, as acted in Germany, would be impossible here. We have made the play acceptable to the public—a beautiful production—not spectacular, not gorgeous, but essentially beautiful." Asked how much the production had cost he said: "About eight thousand pounds." The public of that day was alternately frightened and tickled by Irving's Mephistopheles and equally moved by Ellen Terry's Margaret. But I fancy that it was the gates of Nuremberg that did it. In which, of course, Irving was merely going back to our old friend Vincent Crummles. Mrs. Crummles could have stood upon her head on the butt-end of a spear surrounded by blazing fireworks, the Infant Phenomenon gone through the ballet of the Indian Savage and the Maiden, Mr. Folair danced the Highland Fling, Miss Snellicci worn her blue silk knee-smalls and Miss Belvawney contemplated the audience with one leg bent—these considerable artists could have done all these things till they were blue in the face, but who can doubt that it was the real pump and two washing-tubs that did it?

To what extent, I wonder, will the public be moved by the "actuality" of Darryl F.

Zanuck's production of *Wilson* (Odeon)? The elaborate brochure given away at the press-showing of this film informs me that "to Wiard B. Ihnen and James Basevi, art directors of Twentieth Century-Fox, and to Thomas Little, head of the property department, went the monumental task of reconstructing and furnishing 162 different sets, 124 of them interiors. These settings ranged from Wilson's modest home in Princeton, N.J., to the palatial Hall of Mirrors of Versailles, including reproductions of the famous White House East Room, Blue Room, the famous double staircase, upper hall and various bedrooms. Also the House of Representatives and the President's Executive offices. Every one of these settings had to be perfect in every detail, even to the height of the ceilings, width of the windows, doorways and fireplaces." And I ask: "Why had these settings to be perfect in every detail? Would not an approximation have done?"

The brochure continues: "The job of furnishing just one of the rooms will illustrate the immensity of this phase of the production. For the East Room, Little supervised the reproduction of two sofas, ten armchairs, ten side chairs, four console tables, four benches, two pedestals, two urns, four historic busts, eight candelabra, not to mention the exact duplicates of the lavish window drapes, the three enormous crystal chandeliers, and the hand-carved gold piano and bench, adorned with American eagles." And again I ask, why must these duplicates be exact? We know that every American President and his family recline on sofas and in arm-chairs and that the appointments at the White House are handsome. But why must these duplicates be exact? Would one cinema-goer in ten thousand know or care? For myself I think that all this insistence on literal accuracy is a complete waste of time and money. A waste because it is thrown away. In the case of a picture like this it is

most emphatically not the pump and the washing-tubs that are to be relied on to do the trick.

NOR yet will it be the lavish spectacularity of the thing, though this in its way is extremely impressive. Henry King, the director, is responsible for some of the most exciting crowd-scenes the cinema has ever given us. Brochure has more justification in telling us in this connection that King had a cast of 143 actors and 12,874 extras, while in the biggest scene of the picture, the scene of the National Democratic Convention in 1912, he had fifty-three assistant directors to help handle the crowd. Brochure is justified here, because the vast number of actors helps to create the illusion of reality, in contradistinction to the exact reproduction of cornice and lintel which does not help at all. Even so, it is not the crowds, the bands, the flag-waving, the cheering, the flash-backs to the first World-War, or even the careful delineation of American manners and customs at election times which will make this picture. Indeed it is possible that to English audiences the first hour of it lacks interest to the point of being dull. To my way of thinking the film comes to life with Wilson's refusal to rush America into war after the sinking of the Lusitania. It is here that the film really begins and from that point it is superb.

WHAT will make this picture is the magnificent presentation by Alexander Knox of human qualities the opposite of spectacular, and therefore not easy material for the screen—qualities of moral courage, intellectual honesty, steadfastness. How far the real Wilson possessed these qualities and how far he was buttressed by Colonel House is a matter for history, not the film. The purpose of this picture is to show the qualities which motivated Wilson, and to show him playing a lone hand. The business of a hero is to be heroic. The film rightly recognises this, and Knox fulfils intention in a manner beyond praise. I do not think there is any actor living who could better convey the mental stuff of a great man, or who could talk for two hours and a half about things that matter without for a single moment boring his audience. Indeed Knox's performance increases as it goes on in persuasiveness and



On March 4th, 1913, a new First Family moved into the White House. Eagerly they inspected the place which was to be their home. "I thought it was going to be grand and overpowering—It's just a home," says Nell (Mary Anderson) to her two sisters (Ruth Ford and Madeleine Forbes), her mother (Ruth Nelson) and her father, Woodrow Wilson (Alexander Knox)



In 1914 Ellen Wilson dies. Several months later Wilson, now a lonely figure, meets the beautiful young widow, Edith Bolling Galt (Geraldine Fitzgerald). With her he finds the companionship he had never hoped to find again. Braving gossip and possible defeat at the next election, Wilson marries again



1919. With the Armistice, Wilson, against the advice of his closest friends, decides to go to Versailles. Over a conference table in Paris, Clemenceau (Marcel Dalio) accuses Wilson of leaving Germany intact to challenge France again. He demands the Saar Basin "for the protection of France." Wilson denounces any such land grab, says the League will protect France. On Clemenceau's left is Lloyd George (Clifford Brooke)

charm. Never has the case for war as a means to peace followed by a reasoned pacifism been better put. One leaves the theatre feeling that both this tragedy of defeat and its picturisation have been worth while. A fine film nobly conceived and brilliantly executed. Representationalism as well done as this amounts to art.

AND there is a great deal of first-class acting besides Knox. Charles Coburn, who is incapable of giving a bad performance, gives a splendid one of the tough Professor Henry Holmes. The two Mrs. Wilsons are most sympathetically done; while the Senator Lodge of Cedric Hardwicke is a performance of the utmost polish and finish. And the unnamed soldiers in the railway buffet scene are just what they should be.

"Wilson"

The Screen Biography of a Famous Political Idealist, 28th President of the United States, 1913-1921

• The first film premiere of the year was at the Odeon Theatre, Leicester Square, on Thursday last, when *Wilson*, a Technicolour production by Darryl F. Zanuck, was presented in aid of the Toc H Welfare Fund for work among the Allied services in the Indian and Burmese theatres of war. The film is hailed in America as one of the best pictures Hollywood has ever made and as an honest attempt to do justice to a genuinely tragic theme. It is the story of a man whose political idealism made him for a time the most idolised figure in Europe and the tragedy of his failure to hold the faith and goodwill of "the people" is all the greater by contrast



Back in the United States Wilson's idealism is denounced by Senator Lodge (Sir Cedric Hardwicke), Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations. Wilson decides to carry the fight to the people. He tours the country, making forty speeches in twenty-one days



Wilson is turned down by "the people." He is a broken man, with only a few devoted friends, among them his wife and Dr. Grayson (Stanley Ridges). On March 4th, 1921, Wilson goes through the formality of leaving office. His faith in the League stands firm. "The League is not dead. And I'll even make this concession to Providence; it may come about in a better way than we proposed"

The Theatre

"The Glass Slipper" (St. James's)

By Horace Horsnell

IT cannot have been merely to avoid confusion with other seasonable *Cinderellas* that Herbert and Eleanor Farjeon call their fairy-tale with music by its alternative title, *The Glass Slipper*. One feels that it was rather to mark differences than to disclaim kinship. The differences are fundamental. Their version amounts to a restoration, a return to first principles, as it were, rather than a refurbishing of current conventions.

Here will be found neither topical quips nor knock-about humours. Brokers' men, Shetland ponies, and other equivocal fauna do not intrude. The love story of Cinderella and her Prince is told, not in ramshackle couplets, but in Farjeonian prose starred with lyrical gems that sparkle with rhyme and reason. And the telling, which matches style with originality, is enhanced by the enchanting splendours of scenery and costumes in which the story is unfolded.

Not that appropriate humour is wanting. Cinderella's formidable stepmother and forbidding step-sisters see to that. But while they palter neither with extravagance nor the grotesque, they remain plausible. They tyrannize, are vain, selfish, and by no means



"Ladies, ladies, please!" cries the Herald as the would-be brides surge upon the Prince (Eric Micklewood, Geoffrey Dunn)

beautiful; but their traditional harshness is offset by rudiments of humanity, and Cinderella's father is a character whom Goldsmith might have conceived.

The Fairy Godmother is no stereotyped lisper, but a sensible, not to say sonsy, professional who knows her job, and is a dab at transformation and metamorphosis. The Prince's gallant young manhood, for once, is pukka. In short, make-believe does not abuse the preposterous, but woos without confounding the imagination. From the crowing of the cock that wakens Cinderella to the daily round, the unceasing task, to her apotheosis as Princess, this most charming of fairy-tales is re-told with taste and explicit charm, not as a seasonable lark, but as a lyrically romantic classic.

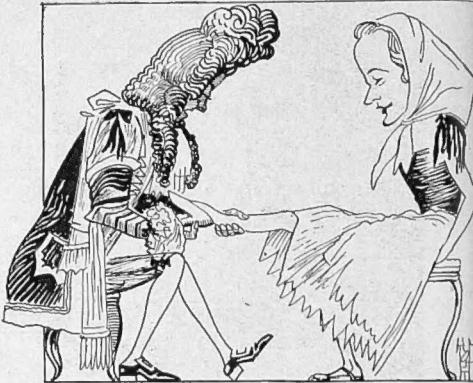


"We like you, Ella," sing the Clock, the Tap, the Broom, the Fire, the Rocking Chair, the Lizard and the Rat

THE style of the production is both ageless and period. If a term were needed to describe it more particularly, perhaps Fairy-land-baroque would serve. Both Hugh Stevenson and Clifton Parker, who are responsible for the decor and the music, are young, but not insular, and each has an obvious but not parodic regard for the masters of their respective arts. Mr. Parker's delightful score is no mere garnish, but an integral feature of the play. He is a composer whose originality is spontaneous and resourceful. He is also a master of pastiche, and such immortals as Mozart, Handel and Bach smile happily on his musical compliments to them. Mr. Stevenson's pictorial fancy ranges at ease over the snow-clad landscapes of Fairyland, and he furnishes both kitchen and palace with a creative chic that realizes fable and confirms nursery dreams.

It is pleasant to be so aptly reminded that

Sketches by
Tom Titt



The Slipper fits; the Prince has found his bride (Eric Micklewood as the Prince, Audrey Hesketh as Cinderella)

Christmas entertainment need not be a gargantuan sprawl in which vaudeville specialists and general practitioners ring familiar changes on licensed nonsense. *The Glass Slipper*, indeed, is the very thing for children making their theatre debut, and adults should enjoy it exceedingly.

FROM the long cast of mortals and immortals the Family stands out as it should, headed by the refreshing Cinderella of Miss Audrey Hesketh, who weds art to nature enchantingly. While cleverly unaffected, she is by no means professionally insipid. As her uncompromising stepmother, Miss Elliot Mason burgeons gloriously, and even the stalls tremble. As her step-sister Arethusa, Miss Megs Jenkins is an irresistible chip of the maternal block.

Mr. Robert Donat is a lavish presenter. The scenic and sartorial beauties, like those of the music, go from strength to strength. A contingent of the Ballet Rambert helps to decorate and divert royal occasions and grace the elegant Harlequinade. And when Cinderella begins to find her feet at this Court now resident at St. James's, she will doubtless profit not only from Godmotherly precept, but from the example of her royal mother-in-law, whose queenly deportment is delightful.

As for the journey to the Ball: while the other members of her family slide and squabble to their coach in the icy offing, Cinderella is transported to the Palace by chariot and coursers that, obviously sired by Pegasus, show their true paces only on the cloud-paved, trackless ranges of the empyrean.



Off to the Ball! It is a blowy and frosty night and father has difficulty in getting his wife and ugly stepdaughters safely over the slippery ground to the gates where their carriage awaits (John Ruddock, Megs Jenkins, Elliot Mason, Doris Gilmore)



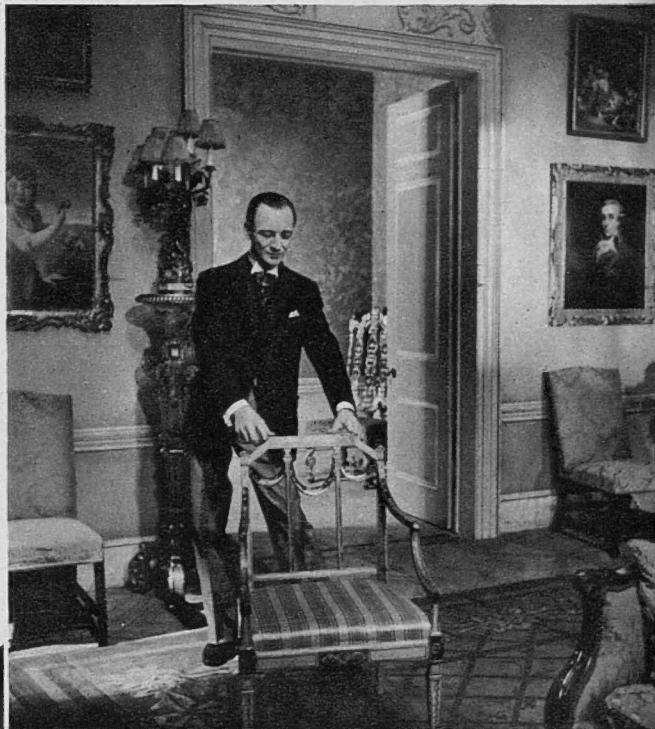
Howard Coster, F.R.S.A.
A Characteristic Study of Gielgud as He Really Is

Gielgud: the Man and the Actor

Camera Studies at Home and in the Theatre

● John Gielgud is a great actor. An eminent critic of the theatre has described him as "our leading actor," and, as such, Mr. Gielgud accepts his responsibilities seriously. At the moment he is devoting his thought and time to repertory, and during their season at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, he and his company are presenting some of the most famous masterpieces of the theatre. Of medium height and slight build, John Gielgud is now forty years of age. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1921

Photographs by Cecil Beaton



The Edwardian Gielgud: in "The Circle"



The Restoration Gielgud: the Lovesick Valentine in "Love for Love"



The Romantic Gielgud: Hamlet, the Dane

On and Off Duty

A Wartime Chronicle of Town and Country

In the Country

ONE of the gayest of the Royal Christmas festivities was the dance given on Boxing Night by the Royal Household Canteen Recreation Committee, attended by the King and Queen and Princess Elizabeth and Princess Margaret. A dance band from a famous R.A.F. station played, and some 400 guests, including many members of the Household and their friends, thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Their Majesties and the Princesses danced with members of the Royal staffs, and altogether it was a most successful party.

Lady May Abel Smith, daughter of Princess Alice and the Earl of Athlone, has been staying at her father-in-law's house near Ascot for the holidays, and she was one of the specially invited guests at the final full-dress performance of the Princesses' Christmas pantomime, *Old Mother Red Riding Boots*, which the King and Queen also saw. Lord and Lady Wigram, with their daughter and small grandson, Sir Alan and Lady Lascelles, Rear-Admiral Sir Basil Brooke and Lady Brooke, and Sir Ulric Alexander were others present, while Princess Helena Victoria and Princess Marie Louise sat with the King and Queen. After the performance, Princess

Elizabeth gave a Christmas tea-party to all the village children and others who had taken part.

Wings Club

FIRST-RATE arrangements for the entertainment of visitors to the Wings Club during Christmas week were made by Mrs. James Corrigan, now back in London. The Club was decorated with holly and there was a monster Christmas-tree decorated with all kinds of toys, which were afterward sent on to Dr. Barnardo's Homes for the children there.

Super-dances followed turkey dinners, the one on the day before New Year's Eve being a really special occasion. Lucky spot-light dances, in which prizes of compacts, each with the R.A.F. crest, were awarded to the girls, and fitted wallets to the men, were followed by a tombola. No one knows better than Mrs. Corrigan how to organise a tombola, for it was her invariable custom, during something like twenty years, when she annually took some big London house and gave huge parties, always to have a tombola of a really grand kind. At the Wings Club, Mrs. Corrigan maintained the old tradition, and a bottle of perfume was given to the girl with the lucky number—drawn by

a blindfolded guest—and a bottle of gin for the lucky man.

Working in Paris

MRS. CORRIGAN has only recently returned from France, where she has been organising hospitality for men of the Allied Forces. Another worker over there is the Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken, who is serving under Shaeff's Mission to France and is receptionist at the Leave Club at the Grand Hotel, former German G.H.Q. Mrs. Aitken was Cynthia Monteith, and is following her mother's example of hard work.

Mrs. Monteith, a sister-in-law of Lt.-Col. Sir John Greenly, K.C.M.G., runs the W.V.S. Subway Canteen at Reading Station, and copes with something like 20,000 Service people a week. The canteen is staffed by about fifty women helpers and is famous for its food and service. Mrs. Monteith's day begins at 6.30 in the morning and ends at 10.30 at night, so she certainly knows what hard work means.

First Night

MISERABLE weather did not prevent a gay and distinguished audience crowding into the Lyric Theatre to see the first performance in London of Terence Rattigan's new play, *Love in Idleness*. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have an enormous following of devoted "fans," and surely must be the most popular couple on the world stage to-day. Basis of the play is the private life of a Cabinet Minister, and at least two members of the present-day Cabinet and one ex-member were there, though whether they were holding a watching brief for themselves and their

(Continued on page 42)



Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto and Lady Douglas were chatting to Mr. Ronald Squire



Lady Crosfield brought her nephew and niece to the Lyric for the first night



Mrs. Stewart Granger had a drink with Capt. Anthony Forwood and his wife (Glynis Johns)



Here is a front row back view of Col. J. J. Llewellyn, Minister of Food, in conversation with Mrs. Laura Corrigan



Mr. Noel Coward, playwright and actor, was there, and Mrs. Gladys Calthrop, the well-known artist and stage designer



Other stage celebrities at the theatre included Mr. Robert Helpmann, Miss Vivien Leigh and Mrs. Michael Wilding

First-Nighters at "Love in Idleness," Terence Rattigan's New Play at the Lyric Theatre

Fun and Games

At a Children's Party in London



Included in this group are the Duchess of Kent and her family, Lord Stewart and Annabel Stewart, Clarissa Chaplin, Timothy Wagg, Jennifer Brocas Burrows, Ivan Munster, Lady Caroline Child-Villiers and Sarah Wilson (daughters of the hostess), Juliette and Jennifer Nelson, Lord Furneaux, Henry Crichton-Stuart and Susan Willoughby de Broke

Mrs. Robin Wilson, with her mother, Lady Kent, gave a party to some eighty children at Claridge's. It was the first to be held there since the war, and was attended by Father Christmas, other entertainments being a Punch and Judy show and a conjurer. The Duchess of Kent was amongst the parents, and brought her three children. Judging by these pictures, everybody enjoyed themselves very much indeed

Photographs by Swaebe



The Duchess of Kent had a talk to Lord Carlow and his brother, who were there with their grandfather, Lord Portarlington. Their father was killed on active service



Tilly Laycock, daughter of Major-Gen. Laycock, hurt her arm before the party, falling off a haystack



Joanna Smith-Bingham (Lady Throckmorton's daughter) danced with Ivan Munster (son of Count Munster)



Prince Michael of Kent admired a doll belonging to Sarah Wilson, Mrs. Robin Wilson's daughter



Lady Jane Nelson's two daughters, Juliette and Jennifer, wore paper caps while eating a good tea



Caroline Thynne, Lord Weymouth's only daughter, and her hostess's son, James Wilson, sat next each other



The Duke of Kent and Christopher Thynne, son of Lord Weymouth, sat on either side of Caroline Child-Villiers at tea

On and Off Duty

(Continued)

colleagues or not, it is impossible to say. Anyhow, they all seemed thoroughly to enjoy the evening's performance.

Sir John and Lady Anderson were sitting in a box with Irene Browne and Sir John's son; Col. J. J. Llewellyn was in the front row of the stalls with Mrs. Corrigan; and Mr. Alfred Duff Cooper, former Minister, and now our Ambassador in Paris, was also in the house. Others in the audience were Lady Oxford, with her very clever producer son, Mr. Anthony Asquith; Lady Crosfield, with her nephew Paul and her niece; Air Chief-Marshal Sir Sholto and Lady Douglas; Miss Clemence Dane, who was with Mr. Hugh Beaumont and Lady Colefax;



Mr. W. Jordan Opens the Fern Leaf Club in London

Mr. W. Jordan, High Commissioner for New Zealand, opened the Fern Leaf Club for New Zealanders in Lanes Square. At the ceremony were Field-Marshal Sir Henry Maitland Wilson, the Dowager Countess Jellicoe, Rear-Admiral W. E. Parry, Colonel F. Waite, D.S.O., the Hon. D. G. Sullivan, Mrs. Parry, Mrs. Jordan, Mr. W. Jordan and Lady Freyberg.

Christmas at the Sterlings

Men and women of the Forces stationed in London, and expecting rather a dull and lonely day, were pleasantly surprised when they were told of the welcome awaiting them at Bute Lodge, the home of Sir Louis and Lady Sterling, near Regent's Park, whose hospitable doors are always open on Christmas Day. In some wonderful way, Lady Sterling manages to cope with all the extra responsibilities and worry of entertaining these days, planning the arrangements so perfectly that there is no evidence of the hard work entailed.

Sir Arnold Bax, a very old friend of the Sterlings, was there, as usual; so were Miss Harriet Cohen, Mr. Paul Bennett, V.C., and his family, Lord Nathan, Sir John Mactaggart and family, playwright Terence Rattigan, Mr. and Mrs. Alistair MacDonald, sculptor Albert Toft and Mrs. Toft, Professor Andrade, well known as President of the Royal Physics Society and member of the Brains Trust, and Mrs. Andrade; actor Roy Royston and Mrs. Royston; and actress Patricia Burke, just home after a triumphant tour of the Middle East.

Other friends unable to be in town on Christmas Day celebrated the occasion at a luncheon-party given by Sir Louis a short time before. Peggy Wood was there, breaking her journey through London on her way to an assignment somewhere on the East Coast. She has been playing in *Blithe Spirit* in America for some long time now, and has taken six months' leave of absence to come over here as a member of the U.S. Army Entertainments Corps. Her presence was a very happy surprise for Mrs. Charles B. Cochran, another member of the party. They are old friends

and had a lot to talk about—interesting theatre talk in which Sir Cedric and Lady Hardwicke joined, and which made the time pass all too quickly. Lady Sholto Douglas was wearing her "Victory" coat, a lovely red; Manning Sherwin was beside her, and Mr. Siegmund Warburg had his wife and son with him.

(Concluded on page 56)



A Picture from America

Mrs. Stephen Ogden Fugna and Mrs. Middleton O'Malley-Keyes have been in America since they had to leave France as American citizens, and were summering at Hot Springs, Virginia. Mrs. O'Malley-Keyes' home is at Biarritz.

Mrs. Charles Sweeny with Col. Hammond, U.S. Army; Vivien Leigh, who was with Robert Helpmann and several other stage friends; Mr. Noel Coward with Mrs. Calthrop, designer; Kitty Foster with Mr. Clarence Hore-Belisha; and a number of R.A.F. leading lights, friends of the author's, including G/Capt. "Cat's-Eyes" Cunningham, triple D.S.O., double D.F.C.; S/Ldr. Burbidge, D.S.O., D.F.C.; F/Lt. J. Rawnsley and F/Lt. Skelton, D.S.O., D.F.C.



Party Conversation

The Hon. Mrs. I. F. MacAlpine and Sir Jack Drummond were guests at a party given by the Ministry of Food. He is Scientific Adviser to the Ministry, and she is Lord Bethell's eldest daughter.



Some Dinner Engagements in Two London Restaurants

Dining together one night recently were Mrs. Anthony Warre and Cdr. Colin Buist. Mrs. Warre is the daughter of Lady Maud Baillie, and her husband is in the 12th Royal Lancers.

Another party found by the photographer included Brig. Lord Lovat, now convalescent from his wounds, who was dining with Lady Petre and Brig. Mills-Roberts.

Mrs. Charles Sweeny and G/Capt. Max Aitken were at another restaurant. He is Lord Beaverbrook's elder son, and has the D.S.O., D.F.C. and the Czechoslovak Military Cross.

Photographs at Bagatelle and Ciro's by Swaebe



Cdr. Anthony Kimmins, Viscountess Scarsdale, Capt. Larkin and Mrs. Bigelow-Dodge were four sitting in a row

The Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Wellington Koo sat beside Sir William Jowett, Minister of National Insurance, and Lady Jowett

Film Premiere at the Plaza

Gala Performance of "Frenchman's Creek"
in Aid of Stage Door Canteen



The Duchess of Sutherland, chairman of the organising committee, came with the Duke, and with them here are Mr. and Mrs. Hutchinson at the premiere



The Countess of Middleton was at the premiere with the Hon. Mrs. John Strutt, daughter-in-law of Lord Rayleigh



Sub-Lt. Muirhead, U.S. Navy, was in the foyer with Vice-Admiral D. W. Boyd, R.N.



S/Ldr. Berggren and his wife arrived together at the Plaza for the gala performance



Here are G/Capt. Faraday, Mrs. Boswell, the Hon. Lady Fox and Major Leonard Plugge, M.P.



G/Capt. the Hon. George Ward, brother of the Earl of Dudley, came to the film with his wife

Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

WAVING its long furry ears gently to and fro, the citizenry will observe with mild surprise that by way of a change from nagging it to do its duty, the National Savings publicity boys have now gone in for flattery of the most delicious kind. "You're magnificent!" is their new cry, in effect. "You're splendid! Thank you ever so much, sweethearts, and do let's keep it up!"

As publicity goes, this is in line with the most advanced thought. The Victorian advertising pioneers simply bawled angrily: "Buy Boffin's Bongolene!" The clever modern boys in the racket know a more subtle approach. "You're marvellous already, you big wonderful things, but if you use Boffin's Bongolene—Gosh, you'll be simply divine!" The great and profound and jovial Chesterton was the first to point out that the earliest publicity-expert in history put it across our first parents in the Garden of Eden in almost those very words. "Eat More Fruit" was his key-slogan. It was a misfortune that this expert afterwards had to eat dirt, but this is an occupational risk, after all, like any other.

Footnote

OUR feeling is that only a sorehead or a sourpuss would reply to the National Savings boys on the lines of Dr. Johnson's reply to Hannah More: "Pray, Madam, consider what your flattery is worth, before you choke me with it." We feel, in fact, that the boys more or less sincerely admire

everybody. We also feel we know what it's all leading up to—they probably want to meet that saucy girl they saw you with at the pictures. Oh, the awfuls!

Plot

A PROMINENT citizen of a certain charming English country town, having already saved most of it practically single-handed from the yahoos, has just presented to the town a fine Queen Anne house. We wondered, once again, how he manages to escape assassination.

There's probably a local Black Hand Society out gunning for him, financed by the big chain-stores and local building interests. Once a week, maybe, the thugs meet in an upper room and glumly compare notes.

"Bert should ought to of got him last Friday night."

"That's three times Bert's mucked it. Out?"

"Out. Give his widow a fiver."

"Right, now what about Fifi—can she do her stuff down here?"

"Call her in."

Enter a beautiful slinky Government agent or female nark, green-eyed, Titian-haired, casting contemptuous glances

"Listen Fifi, can you do a country job?"

"My deah! What an ideah!"

"All you got to do, you got to lure a gent down the High Street to Ye Dutch Tea-Shoppe, and there'll be somebody else to finish it. See?"

"My deah! What an ideah!"



"I'm not saying it doesn't suit you, Edgar—it just isn't in keeping with the spirit of the times"

"Din I tell you, Izzy? What she wants, she wants fizz and dancing and music and all that, like when she does them Government jobs."

"Yuh, well, why can't she do it on a cup o' tea and a rock-cake?"

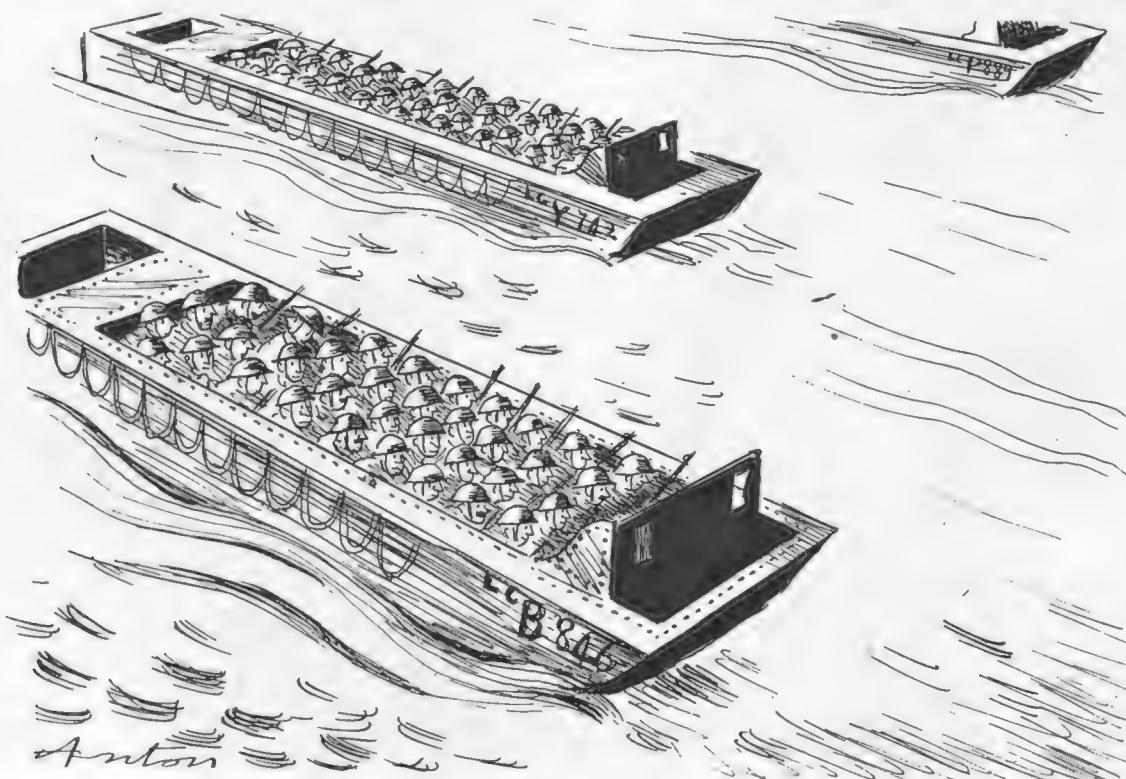
Fifi then tells the meeting in three words what she thinks of tea and rock-cake and sweeps back to Town, tittering disdainfully. So there they are, humped and glowering, absolutely dried up. And if you think this fantastic, you've never seen the type of business pan involved. Coo!

Thought

LISTENING the other night to a terrific blast of jazz from the 100-strong band of the American Air Force, we found ourselves remembering, at intervals, that every one of those boys must have had a mother.

Every American jazz-player must have had a mother—do you ever think of that? It seems to us more of an American Tragedy than Theodore Dreiser's celebrated novel of that name, the high-spot of which, if we remember rightly, is a guy pushing a little mother out of a boat. It's like one of Sherwood Anderson's dreary stories about Winesburg, Ohio, where half the inhabitants have frightful inhibitions and the other half are nuts. Staring hot-eyed into vacancy, the jazz-player's silver-haired mother sits in her rocker in the chill, drab parlour under a picture of Abe Lincoln hung askew. Down in Jed Goofus's dingy saloon the drinkers are all staring hopelessly at each other. By Ed Dibble's woodshed Miss Hepzibah Burp, the schoolmistress, who thinks she is Helen of Troy, is hiding in her nightgown from the man she loves, Rev. Tomkins, who thinks he is the Prophet Jonah and is about to destroy the town by fire. In Ephraim Gunk's hardware store Old Man Habukkuk Beezle

(Concluded on page 46)



"Anyway, we've got a corner seat"

Beagling in Bucks

A Meet of the Old Berkeley Beagles
at the Crown, Penn



Moving Off from the Crown Inn



Mr. Fred Robinson Arrives with the Pack



*Mr. J. F. Matheson and Mr. Fred Robinson
are Joint-Masters of the Old Berkeley Beagles*



*Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Wheeler, with their son, John, and daughter, Ann,
were out with the Beagles, and with them was Sam Faulkener (left)*



*Lady Georgina Curzon and her son came on bicycles, and Sam Faulkener,
Miss Pauline Leadam and Major Hannibal Touce were on foot*

• The Old Berkeley Beagles met recently at the Crown Inn, Penn, in Buckinghamshire, and these pictures show some of those who came to enjoy a good day's sport. The country hunted by the Old Berkeley Beagles lies in Buckinghamshire, Middlesex and Hertfordshire. Joint-Masters are Mr. F. Robinson, of Lugwardine, Loudwater, Bucks, and Mr. J. F. Matheson, of The Priory, Elstree, Herts

Standing By ...

(Continued)

is stealthily sharpening an adze to cut a few girls' throats. The east wind whistles round the deserted frame-buildings of Main Street and everybody feels like hell. And the jazz-player's mother stares and stares and whimper, twisting her gnarled hands, at the horrible neighbours who drop in to taunt her. . . .

Her boy. Her Rube. The 5000-dollar-a-week New York jazz-drummer. The tarnation rat.

Club

INSTEAD of whimpering in an un-English way about their failure to grow anything on their polished domes, as one of them was recently doing in print, bald chaps should get together and sing, as the ninth-century Frankish poet Hucbald did in a jolly song which one of our spies has just brought to our notice.

Celebrating the proud fact that, like the Emperor Charles the Bald, he had a noggin like a hardboiled ostrich egg, Hucbald wrote some 130 lines of boastful Latin verse, every single word beginning with "C":

Carmina clarisonae calvis cantate

Camoenae . . .

"Sing, tuneful Muses, sing your songs to the bald boys," etc. A splendid song, which naturally suggests a Calvitic Club, for the following reasons :

1. There are plenty of dazzling domes in London, but you rarely see many of them together, except at a Royal Society conversazione or a big stamp-auction.

2. If some 500 of these domes of splendour could be assembled from all the clubs, with special Schwabe-Hasait lighting playing on them, amid soft music, the spectacle would be one of unearthly beauty.

3. The obvious first President of the Calvitic Club would be Mr. Robertson Hare, with Mr. Alfred Drayton as Vice-President.

4. The public could be admitted to the gallery on gala nights and supplied with snow-spectacles, to prevent temporary blindness.

Coloured lighting would inspire terror as well as admiration, maybe. The most devilish sight we ever saw was the shiny ovoid noggin of a yachtsman at Cowes, lit only by the rays of his green (or starboard) lamp. Wow!

Cut

IN Auntie *Times*'s Nature Correspondent's garden over Christmas, he uneasily admitted the other day, the blackbirds did not whistle a single stave. He tried to pass it off by claiming that down his way blackbirds never sing till halfway through January. In our part of the Hick Belt we think it was more likely the cut-direct.

From an unpublished letter to the Rev. Gilbert White of Selborne from the Hon. Daines Barrington in 1770, it is clear that blackbirds don't mind being written up by Auntie's boy so much as they mind his stirring up hordes of excited country clergymen to drop everything next day and write to Auntie about our feathered chums. Blackbirds think these clergymen should attend to their simple pastoral duties exclusively and let the birdies ride. Their argument is that you'd never find a blackbird so nosey as to write to the *Times*:

Sir.—Yesterday morning at 8.30 I saw a Doctor of Divinity (Durham) washing his face, while the female of the species hopped round uttering a shrill encouraging note. Surely a record for the time of year?

However, as Mr. White's own pastoral duties, to quote one of his admirers, "never made vast demands on his time and energy," the birdies had to lump it. Fortunately for the Nature boys ever since.



"Scotch! You'll be asking for Liebfaumilch next!"

Romance

REMARKING that the forthcoming visit of the Governor of the Bank of France to the Governor of the Bank of England will involve conversations on *la hauke finance*, a gossip boy seemed to imply that all financiers' conversations begin and end there, and lack that Human Note. This is surely a mistake.

We once overheard two financiers lunching at the Savoy. At 1.30 their talk was of sinking-funds and National Debts. At

2.15 one of them was showing the other Kodak snapshots of his little daughter, with fond paternal cries.

"She is all the world to me, Faughaughton."

"I do not wonder at it, Bags-worthy. Her tiny features are indeed exquisite."

"A spiritual beauty, Faughaughton."

"'Ethereal' is the word I should choose myself, Bags-worthy."

Here a waiter brought priceless old brandy, genuflected, poured, and retired.

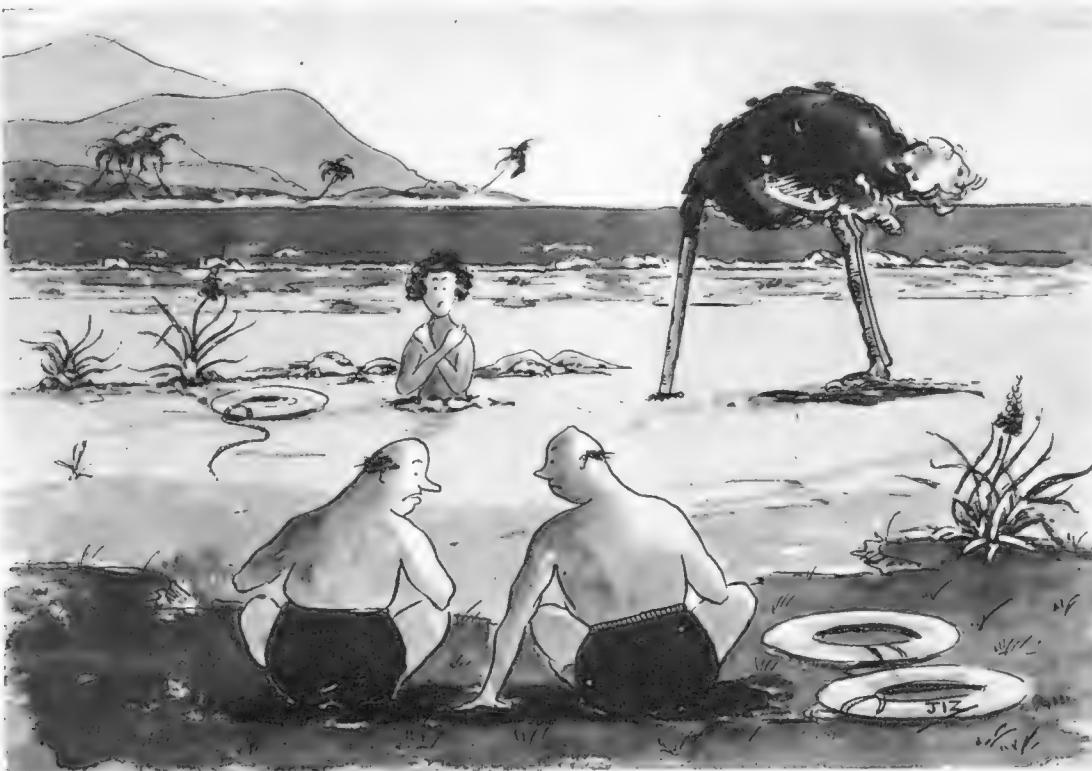
"She loves her Daddy, Faughaughton."

"Why not, Bags-worthy?"

"The love and trust in those innocent eyes, Faughaughton—look, here she is again, at Cannes."

"Exquisite, Bags-worthy, exquisite."

The first financier then wiped his eyes, poured some more brandy, and said, rather surprisingly, "When Daddy first met her she was a willow-pattern teapot in the Dream of Old China," and the other financier said "Exquisite, Bags-worthy, exquisite," and began to talk about frozen credits. Which shows that financiers are human beings and love their little daughters, though you wouldn't think so to look at them.



"If you made inquiries, you'd probably find that the ostrich is scared of Miss Pim, and Miss Pim is scared of us"

D. B. Wyndham Lewis



Karsh, Ottawa

H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone : At Government House, Ottawa

Matrimonial Cocktail

Kay Hammond and John Clements in
"Private Lives"—a Coward Conceit



Amanda : "Give me one, for God's sake!"

Amanda, on the first night of her honeymoon with husband No. 2, finds first husband Elyot staying at the same hotel. Elyot, who has also just married for the second time, has taken the adjoining balcony room (John Clements, Kay Hammond)



Amanda : "Big, romantic stuff, darling"

Amanda and Elyot have deserted their recently-acquired partners and run away together to Amanda's Paris flat. Here they relive the old hectic days of their earlier married life together



Elyot : "Amanda, darling—'sollocks'"

Amanda : "'Sollocks' yourself"

Remembering their tendency to violent quarrelling, Elyot and Amanda decide on a password which will make either one of them think twice before starting a row. "Sollocks" is the word



Amanda : "I hate you—do you hear? You're conceited and overbearing and utterly impossible"

"Sollocks" fails to have the right effect. "You're a vile-tempered, loose-living, wicked little beast, and I never want to see you again so long as I live," says Elyot



Elyot : "I do love you so"

Amanda : "Don't blow, dear heart, it gives me the shivers"

Amanda and Elyot discover they are as much in love with each other as ever. Marriage with anyone else is out of the question for either of them

● Take an idea of Noel Coward's, add the allure of Kay Hammond; the charm of John Clements, the piquancy of Peggy Simpson and the finished skill of Raymond Huntley, get the hall-mark of G. E. Calthrop on the setting, and you have a tonic guaranteed to put you in the right frame of mind. *Private Lives* is served daily at the Apollo Theatre. The ingredients have changed since pre-war days, when Gertrude Lawrence and Noel Coward took pride of place; nevertheless, the brew has lost none of its stimulating sparkle. It is light-hearted comedy at its best, designed not seriously to affect the mind, but rather to give it the complete relaxation so greatly needed these days



Photographs by Alexander Bender



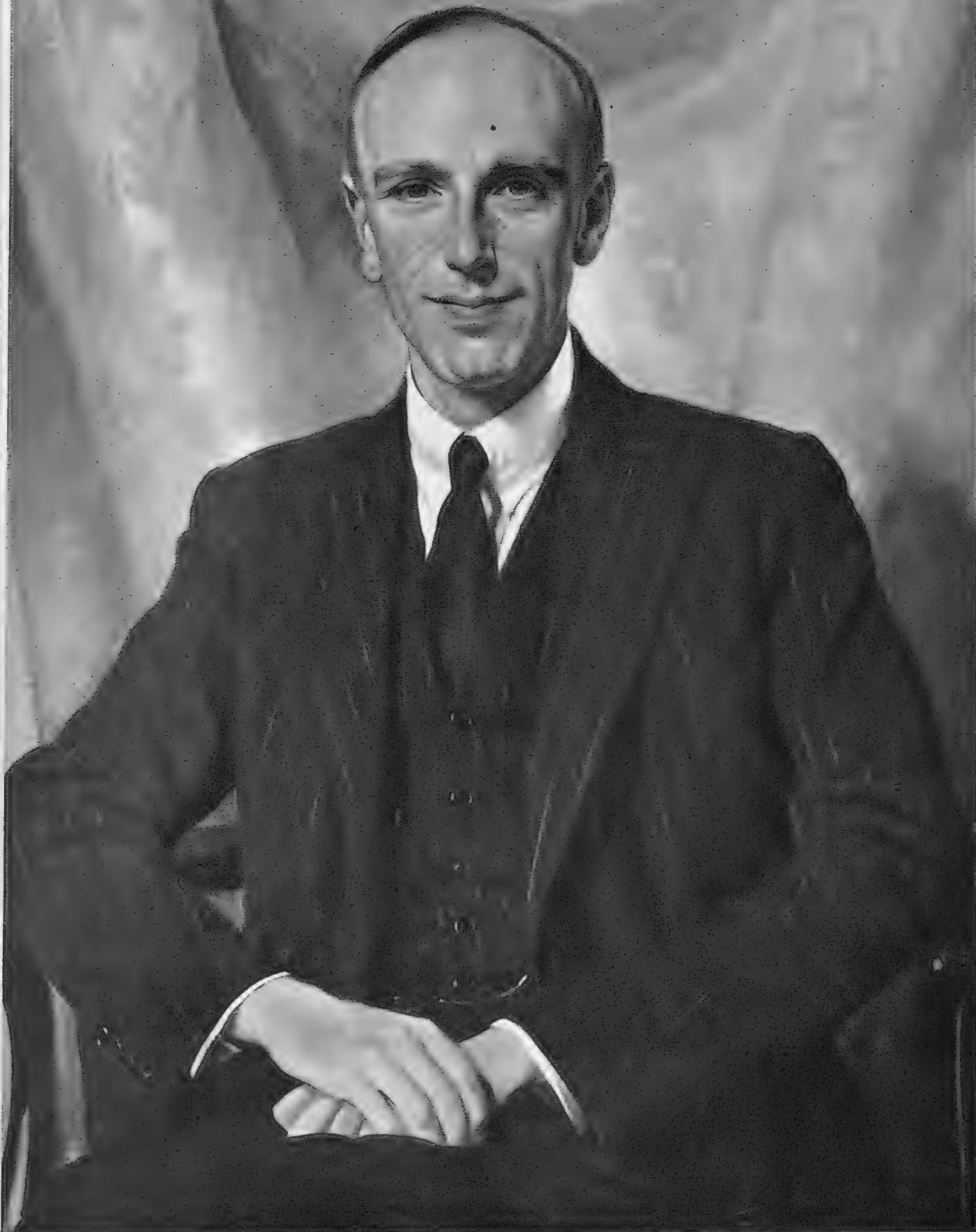
Amanda : "Marry you again? Never, never, never. . . . I'd rather die in torment."

Amanda and Elyot continue in their wild ways. They are surprised at this particular moment by the entrance of their discarded partners, Sybil and Victor (Peggy Simpson, Raymond Huntley)

Sybil : "Stop, stop! It's no use going on like this . . ."
Amanda : "I'm not going to interfere. Let them fight it out"
The foursome is at cross-purposes. Amanda, certain of her power over the two men, rather enjoys watching the trouble brewing



Sybil : "And it'll serve you right for being weakminded enough to allow that woman to get round you so easily"
Quarrelling is infectious. Sybil catches the habit and turns on poor, inoffensive Victor. It is at this moment that Amanda and Elyot decide to slip away, leaving Victor and Sybil to fight it out between them



The Rt. Hon. Ralph Assheton, M.P. : A Portrait by James Gunn

In order to become Chairman of the Conservative Party last October, Mr. Ralph Assheton gave up his post of Financial Secretary to the Treasury and the prospects of an early seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Assheton comes of a family long connected with politics; the first, Sir John de Assheton, was elected to the House of Commons in 1324. Since then, more than twenty Asshetons have been in Parliament, mostly in Lancashire seats. M.P. for Rushcliffe, Nottingham, since 1934, Mr. Assheton was, in turn, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Labour and the Ministry of Supply before going to the Treasury in 1943. A photograph of this portrait painted by James Gunn has been presented to the Treasury to hang on the wall of the Financial Secretary's room in company with those of Earl Baldwin, the late Viscount Brentford (formerly Sir William Joynson Hicks), the late Lord Moyne, and many others who rose to greater fame after occupying that office



Irish Sportswoman to Marry

Miss Alice Murphy, youngest daughter of Mr. James Murphy, of Bunree House, Ballina, Co. Mayo, is engaged to Mr. W. J. Furlong. She is a well-known Irish horsewoman and winner of several prizes, and is a member of the Mayo Hockey Club



A Former Golf Champion and Her Son

Here is a picture taken at Troon of the wife and little son of Capt. Wylie, R.N., who is P.M.O. of the Hospital at Mombasa. Before her marriage, Mrs. Wylie will be remembered as Miss Phyllis Wade, the English golf champion and Internationalist

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

1704-1945

THE political and moral effects of the battle were great, for, as Sir Archibald Alison wrote in his *History of Europe*, the decisive blow of Blenheim resounded throughout every part of Europe."

From "Our Fighting Services," by the late Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C.

It is again suggested that anyone who may be interested—and particularly the Herr General von Rundstedt—should superimpose the battle plan of Blenheim upon an operations map of

the Battle of the Rhine, and then, for the Kessel and the Nebel, read the Maas and the Roer, and for the Danube, the Rhine.

Free Handicaps

IN viewing the weights apportioned to any season's two and three-year-olds for the Free Handicaps of the succeeding season, it has ever to be borne in mind that the dispenser is dealing with distances which are no positive guide to those which, in hard fact, are of any crucial interest where the future possible commitments of the material concerned are involved. In the case of the two-year-olds, the handicapper is required to say which, in his judgment on the facts before him, deserves top place over 7 furlongs: and, in the case of the three-year-olds, over 1½ miles. These distances cannot be reliable signposts to the Two Thousand and One Thousand Guineas (1 mile), the Derby and the Oaks (1½ miles) or the St. Leger (1 mile, 6 furlongs, 132 yards, or 150 yards, as the case may be). As a matter of custom, these handicaps are taken to be no more and no less than a general assessment of the Order of Merit. As we know, these Free Handicaps have, ere now, been sharply—and quite unjustly—attacked by divers critics, because the animals placed in the seats of the mighty have not subsequently earned the fame which it has been quite wrongly assumed that the handicapper had predicted for them. It must be repeated that all that this hard-worked official has been detailed to do is, in the case of the two-year-olds, to say which should be top of the list over 7 furlongs, which is not a guarantee of even 1 mile, and, in the case of the three-year-olds, which one he thinks has the best claims to win at 1½ miles. He is not asked the further impossible question as to whether either a Derby or a Leger winner is *ipso facto* bound to get 2½ miles. The handicapper has only the 7-furlong Dewhurst and the 1 mile, 6 furlongs, 150 yards Leger to give him any firm foothold in each case.

Second Sight

THIS is a thing we have got to provide for ourselves; it is no part of the handicapper's job. All that he says is, "Here is what I consider



Topham, Sidcup

Mrs. J. E. A. Barton and "Lucky"

The wife of S/Ldr. J. E. A. Barton, R.A.F., was formerly Mlle. Monique Borel de Kinkelin, of Chantilly, and a French international golf champion. She now lives at Epping, and is a member of the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club

the pick of the basket upon such evidence as is before the Court. I am not concerned with Bruce Lowe figures, or with any other pedigree theories. I find the bodies, you dispose of them as you think best!" Last season the handicapper said that Orestes was the best colt at 7 furlongs—he did not say that he would win the Derby. We added that little bit for ourselves. The handicapper was absolutely right, for 7 furlongs was just about the length of that very nice colt's tether. The handicapper was not concerned with the fact that Donatello II. ought to beget a stayer. Ocean Swell, who won last year's deceptive Derby, and the 2½-mile Jockey Club Cup, about which there was no deception, was put in 21 lb. below Orestes over 7 furlongs. That also was most probably perfectly correct. The conclusion to be drawn is therefore quite obvious.

The 1944 Crop

THE handicapper says that he thinks Dante, who has never won over 7 furlongs, is 2 lb. better than Paper Weight, who has, and I am convinced that he is right. In the Coventry

(Concluded on page 52)



Capt. Lord Hartington, M.C.

Capt. the Marquess of Hartington, Coldstream Guards, only surviving son of the Duke of Devonshire, was recently awarded the M.C. He married the Hon. Deborah Mitford, and has a son and a daughter. His elder brother was killed in France in September

Pictures in the Fix

(Continued)

Stakes, Dante squandered his field: he won the Middle Park running away from what I consider and believe to be a good one, the Tornadic Colt, and there was no doubt in my mind on that day that Dante would not have finished running away at the end of a mile. Paper Weight had won the Dewhurst at least a furlong from home, but we know very little, so far, about the Queen Christina colt, the runner-up, who, however, could make no more impression upon him than Tornadic Colt could upon Dante. Mr. Arthur Fawcett says that there is less than one length (2 lb.) between these two, and I am quite content to accept his judgment. He does not say that either of them will win the Derby. He says that Court Martial is only 1 lb. behind Dante over 7 furlongs, and that High Peak is 7 lb. I prefer to await corroboration. The bookmakers say that Dante is an 8-to-1 chance for the Derby and Paper Weight a 12 to 1. That is entirely their affair. I do not propose to say one word either way until after Dante has won the Guineas *running away*. I think that he will win that race, but we do not yet know whether Nearco can beget a V.2. He has not done so yet.



The Anti-Aircraft Command Hockey Team: Semi-Finalists at St. Albans

The A.-A. Command team, seen above, defeated Eastern Command 5-2 in the semi-final of the Army Hockey Association Inter-Command Knock-Out Tournament at St. Albans. Sitting: Lt. A. Angear (Blackheath and Wales), Lt. P. Hallas (Yorks), Lt.-Col. J. W. Naylor (Bacchanalians), Capt. P. H. J. Berthon (Oxford University), Lt. S. H. Twyford (Eastern Counties), Lt. W. D. Reynolds (Wales). Standing: Major R. G. S. Hoare (secretary), Sgt. B. Oliver (Cheshire Trials), Craftsman W. K. Wyatt (Warwickshire), Capt. F. M. Hughes (Oxfordshire), Capt. Homan, Sgt. Woodbridge

was most unlucky not to have won the Leger. Her claim to be the 1½-mile champion, I think, is beyond dispute, and if she and Tehran ever meet over that distance at 7 lb. in her favour I shall expect her to lose him. I think that she would beat him at level weights.

They are never likely to meet at that distance, but even over a longer one I should not care to lay long odds against this most attractive lady. I suggest that we discard her Leger running in toto. I believe that this is sound advice. There is no disparagement, either implied or direct, to Tehran in this, merely a personal conviction that we have yet to see the best of beautiful Hycilla.

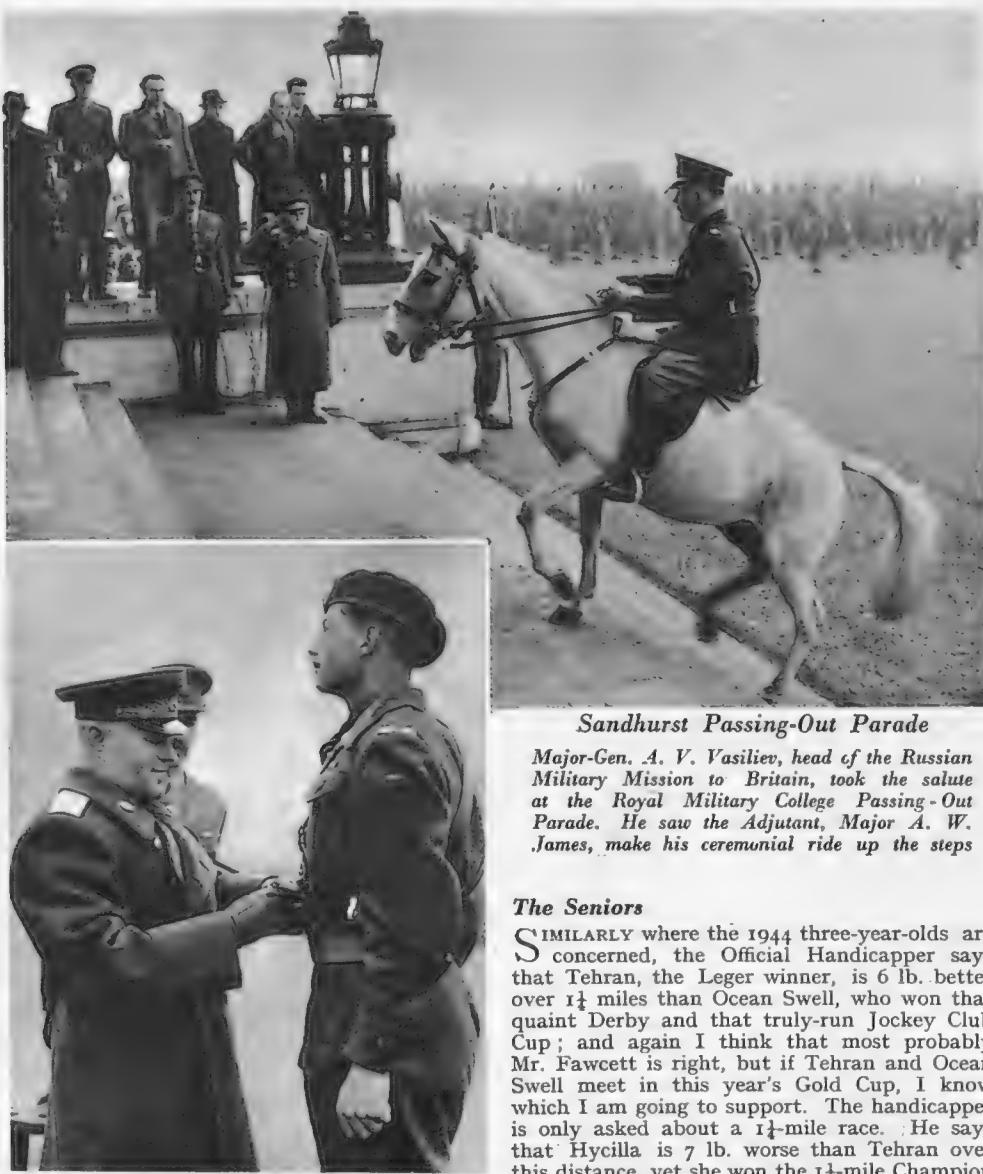
And So Good-bye

IT is a bad word in almost all cases, but especially so in that of Mr. Arthur Fawcett, who has been Official Handicapper to the Jockey Club since 1931, and before that acted in the same capacity to the Royal Calcutta Turf Club, during which period (1912-21) he had the additional difficulty of having to deal with form from virtually all four corners of the globe. He was as much liked and respected in India as he has ever been at home, and has more than worthily borne the weight of the mantle which fell from the shoulders of Mr. T. F. Dawkins and, as it would be equally true to say, from those of that legendary figure, "The Admiral" (Rous). In saying good-bye to his vocation Mr. Fawcett can cast a backward glance upon a task right well fulfilled. In conclusion, I am sure that I voice the feelings of many in extending a welcome to Mr. Fawcett's successor, Mr. G. H. Freer, who comes to his task with by no means a prentice hand, for he has done work under both sets of rules since 1932. The Free Handicaps of 1944 were Mr. Fawcett's last tasks for the Jockey Club. Mr. Freer, therefore, starts with a clean sheet in 1945.

War Commentary

TIRIED of his battledress and the black beret with the two crests, a celebrated Field-Marshal is reported to have said: "One of the main reasons why I wish this war was over is that then I shall be able to wear my own uniform again!" An acidulous American paper has said that the F.-M. had only to ask the P.M. for a bowler hat (long ago) to get it. The hard, and doubtlessly unpleasant, truth (to the American columnist) is that the P.M. (a great judge of hats) never believed that a Billy Coke would suit the F.-M.

Apologies to Cambridge for our incorrect version of the result of the Varsity Rugger match. The result was a draw, each side scoring one try, and not a win for Oxford. Cambridge lead by 7 victories to 2 (one draw) in the wartime series.



Sandhurst Passing-Out Parade

Major-Gen. A. V. Vasiliev, head of the Russian Military Mission to Britain, took the salute at the Royal Military College Passing-Out Parade. He saw the Adjutant, Major A. W. James, make his ceremonial ride up the steps

The Seniors

SIMILARLY where the 1944 three-year-olds are concerned, the Official Handicapper says that Tehran, the Leger winner, is 6 lb. better over 1½ miles than Ocean Swell, who won that quaint Derby and that truly-run Jockey Club Cup; and again I think that most probably Mr. Fawcett is right, but if Tehran and Ocean Swell meet in this year's Gold Cup, I know which I am going to support. The handicapper is only asked about a 1½-mile race. He says that Hycilla is 7 lb. worse than Tehran over this distance, yet she won the 1½-mile Champion Stakes brilliantly, and had good ones like Borealis and Abbots Fell behind her. I pass over Fair Fame, who was second, as I do not believe in her honesty. This is the only calculation which I do not quite follow. I believe Hycilla to be of the highest class, and that she

The Soviet General presented the Belt of Honour, awarded to the best cadet of the year, to Officer Cadet C. Jeffry, of East Grinstead, who had served as a private in North Africa for two years before going to Sandhurst. General Vasiliev said he was much impressed by his visit

On Active Service



First Sea Lord at a Fleet Air Arm Station

Sitting: Capt. W. T. Couchman, O.B.E., D.S.O., R.N., Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, First Sea Lord; Capt. J. B. Heath, R.N., Capt. G. Thistleton-Smith, G.M., R.N. Standing: Pay/Cdr. H. T. Isaac, O.B.E., R.N., Lt.-Cdr. J. A. Ivers, R.N., Cdr. (A) Nicholson, R.N.V.R., Cdr. F. G. Emley, R.N., Lt.-Cdr. E. B. Morgan, R.A.N.V.R., Pay/Lt. J. E. Bryon, R.N.V.R.

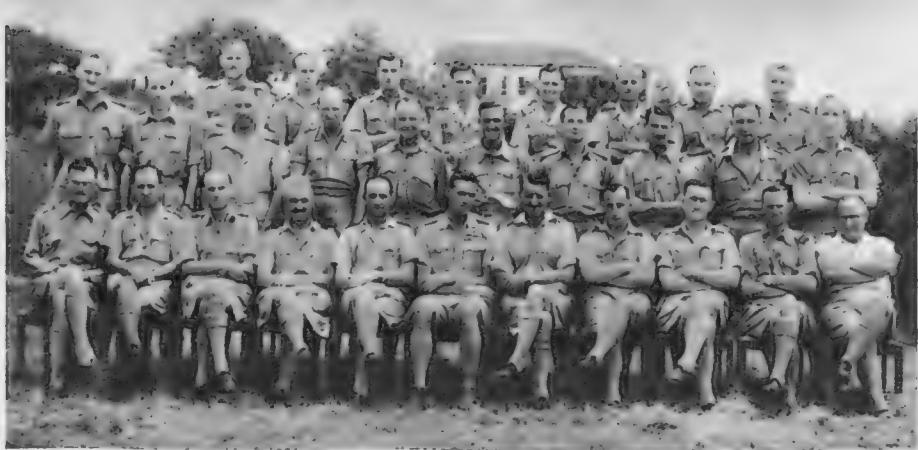


Officers of a R.A.F. Unit in India

This picture was taken during a visit from Brig. A. E. Barlow, M.C., on the Unit's sports day. In front: F/O. G. H. Johns, F/O. J. Brown, F/O. W. Moffat. Behind: P/O. V. E. D. Martin, Major J. Terry, Brig. A. E. Barlow, M.C., S/Ldr. D. A. de S. Young-James (O.C.), F/Lt. G. H. Campbell, F/Lt. J. W. P. Boyd

Right:

Front row: Capt. D. W. Morgan-Kirby, Capt. A. J. Stroud, Major R. C. Ching, Major E. H. Wix, Capt. S. J. Selway (Q.M.), Major R. K. Morrison (Second in Command), Lt.-Col. H. S. Hatfield (C.O.), Capt. J. G. Jones (Adjutant), Majors E. W. G. Robins, P. W. Silver, J. W. Cannon (M.O.), Capt. A. J. Hurn, Capt. H. Bennett. Second row: Lt. F. A. Chadwick, Capt. F. D. Hardie, S. R. Rousell, T. T. Jardine, W. F. T. Adams, Lord Harris, M.C., A. E. Darby, R. A. Darney, E. W. Gaskain, E. T. King, 2nd Lt. J. P. Reynolds, Lt. W. D. Young. Third row: 2nd Lt. P. J. Mitchell, Lts. E. J. V. W. Davey, R. C. Alexander, G. Ivory, G. F. Pope, D.C.M., C. Cook, P. A. V. Streetfield, 2nd Lt. J. Ledger, Lts. T. G. Howlett, J. D. Ballantyne, A. C. Richardson, 2nd Lt. W. H. Edwards, B.E.M. Fourth row: 2nd Lt. J. E. Evans, Lts. F. A. Bennett, H. J. S. Neate, D.C.M., 2nd Lts. C. E. Barham, A. E. Sedge, P. Goodwin, Lts. A. G. Philpott, A. L. Wildash, T. P. Smith, E. S. Dawes, 2nd Lt. G. W. R. Link. Fifth row: 2nd Lt. J. R. Gilham, Lt. W. J. Brown, 2nd Lt. B. E. Fridd, Lts. H. West, C. S. Jones, F. A. Branchett, 2nd Lt. P. Ellis, 2nd Lt. A. G. Hann, Lt. A. D. Dack, Lt. J. T. Witherden, M.M., 2nd Lt. F. Woodward, 2nd Lt. C. B. Stevens, Lt. J. R. Wells



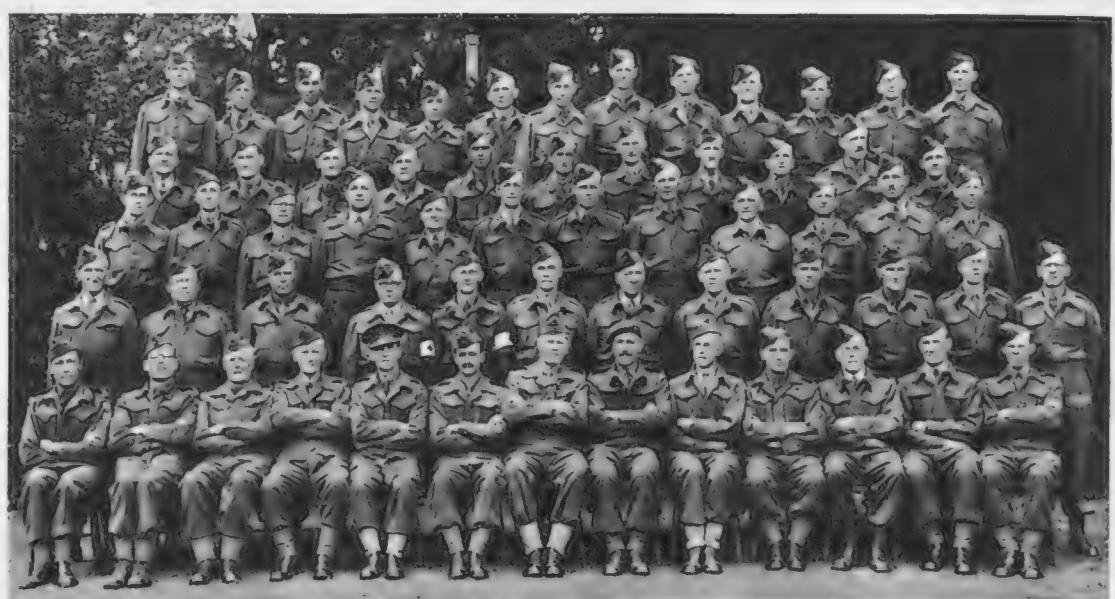
Members of a R.A.F. Officers' Mess, Takoradi, West Africa

Front row: Prof. P. A. Buxton, F.R.S., S/Ldr. J. C. Morton, S/Ldr. F. A. Buckingham, W/Cdr. A. J. Black, W/Cdr. J. A. Ling, G/Capt. L. Rankin, D.S.O. (Station Commander), G/Capt. R. H. Hanmer, O.B.E., M.C., W/Cdr. I. MacKay, S/Ldr. J. S. Hando, P. G. Pearless, E. B. Beck. Middle row: F/Lt. D. J. N. Smith, Dr. B. A. Toms, F/Lt. R. Crittenden, S/Ldr. W. D. Phillips, S/Ldr. H. Beattie, Mr. J. W. Siddons, F/Lt. C. J. T. Giddings, F/O. I. H. Morgan, F/Lt. W. C. Bland, S/Ldr. P. H. Denton. Back row: F/O. S. J. Knell, F/Lts. W. D. W. Dick, F. J. Zacharias, D. G. Sloan, F/O. W. R. Mallan, F/Lt. R. F. T. Gibbs, F/O. M. Ritchie, S/Ldr. M. P. Morel



Officers of the 9th City of Aberdeen (University) Battalion, Home Guard

Front row: Major T. Murray Kemsley, Cameronian, Capt. A. H. Cruickshank, Capt. J. F. Philip, Major W. M. McNeill, M.B.E., Major J. M. Henderson, Lt.-Col. R. B. Strathdee, T.D., Lt.-Col. J. S. Young, M.C., Major F. C. Roe, Major W. P. Stewart, Capt. J. D. Stewart, Capt. J. E. MacArthur, H.L.I. Back row: Lt. T. Menzies, Lt. L. D. Davidson, 2nd Lt. D. W. C. Smith, Lts. J. D. Chalmers, W. A. Copland, D. Emslie-Smith, Capt. F. MacRitchie, Lt. B. G. Whitmore, Royal Signals, Capt. T. N. Morgan, 2nd Lt. A. Hunter, Lt. J. S. Gardiner, Lt. R. H. McVean, Capt. A. Cameron, 2nd Lt. K. M. Leighton



Officers of the 9th Battalion, Kent Home Guard

T. W. Barber

With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

National Figure

THE dire years through which we are living now can be raised to one sort of level; they are "a time for greatness." We are at least released from the depressed decades of nonentity. In England, it is at present our privilege to hear the voice of one great man in whose utterances the might of the English past rings, whose language is in the august tradition. At intervals, this country has thrown up figures—not always men of action, not always statesmen or soldiers—whose hold on the English imagination becomes unique. Their reputation, or rumour, becomes part of the very stuff of their day; and when they are dead they remain living, immortal Good Company, part of the air of the cities whose streets they trod.

Such a one was, is, Dr. Johnson, whom the republication of an excellent book invites us, once more, to contemplate. *Dr. Johnson and His Circle*, by the late John Bailey, was originally published in 1913; it now appears in "The Home University Library" (Oxford University Press; 3s. 6d.). The established Johnson-lover, who will no doubt know this book, may jump at this fresh chance of acquiring it. To those, on the other hand, who still regard The Doctor, as did his contemporary Gibbon, with "fear unmingle with love," I cannot recommend a better approach—one more sure to inspire love and dispel fear. Dr. Johnson's legend, as it so often reaches us, is intimidating. Even at the distance of almost 200 years (he was born in 1709 and died in 1784) supersensitives may shrink from his sheer bulk, that unnerving "Sir—" with which he trained his big guns on some temerarious speaker, his unaccommodating attitudes and his devastating retorts. Could we "take him" in these days? Or is he one outstanding proof that in the eighteenth century they were a good deal tougher?

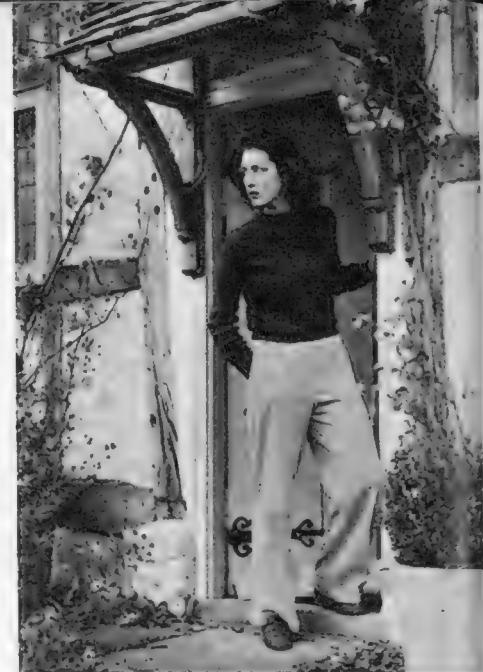
That Dr. Johnson's name looms large for those who have never read a word of his work is indisputable. It is a name as (Mr. Bailey says) "of almost universal interest." No man of letters—perhaps not even Shakespeare himself—is so often quoted in the columns of the daily Press. His is a name that may be safely introduced into any written or spoken discussion, without fear of the stare of unrecognising ignorance; and the only danger to which those who quote him expose themselves is that of the yawn of over-familiarity."

Conversation

YES, almost every observation Dr. Johnson made is closely applicable to-day. He remains the national giant of common sense. Mr. Bailey, in his summing-up paragraph, reverts to what is, in the main, the theme of his book:

Johnson's extraordinary popularity. . . . That has had all along, as we saw at first, a popular element in it. It has never been, like that of most scholars and critics, an exclusively literary thing, confined solely to people of literary instincts. Rather it has been, more and more, what the newspapers and the *Johnsoniana* and these coins and medals already suggested, something altogether wider. Samuel Johnson was in his lifetime a well-known figure in the streets, a popular name in the Press. His popularity is certainly not diminished by the fact that he was the complacent victim of many of our insular prejudices and exhibited a good deal of the national tendency to a crude and self-confident Philistinism. These things come so humanly from him that his wisest admirers have scarcely the heart to complain or disapprove. They laugh at him and with him, and love him still. But they would not love him as they do if he embodied only the weakness of his race. The position he holds in their affection, and the affection of the whole nation, is due to other and greater qualities. It is these that have given him his rare, and indeed unique, distinction as the accepted and traditional spokesman of the integrity, the humour and the obstinate common sense, of the English people.

These words were written before English integrity, humour and obstinate common sense had been put to the searing tests of two world



David Gurney

Rosalie Crutchley, the young British actress now appearing with the John Gielgud Repertory Company at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket, is the owner of a sixteenth-century cottage at Bleubury, in Berkshire. Week-ends are spent leading the simple life, pottering in the garden and doing odd jobs round the house in her favourite outfit, trousers and a sweater. In the new Gielgud production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," due this month, Rosalie Crutchley is to appear as Hippolyta

wars. The public who, in 1913, acclaimed the first appearance of *Dr. Johnson and His Circle* were, in some ways, our juniors in experience.

Mr. Bailey's book does not "date"; it remains independent and solid; but it has, I think, acquired a certain "period" interest—1913 now seems, to some of us, hardly more distant than the eighteenth century. A good deal of nonsense, still undreamed of when Mr. Bailey wrote, has, alas, accumulated within the last thirty years: there is much of which Dr. Johnson would make short work:

Johnson, thou shouldst be living at this hour!
England hath need of thee....

In 1913, also, the wireless, as a blessing, was still to come. What would Dr. Johnson have made of the microphone? Would he have addressed the listening thousands in one thunderous and all-embracing "Sir—"?

But the microphone cannot put questions, cannot reply. And it was in conversation, with its mounting excitement, its unforeseen climaxes, its give and take, that Dr. Johnson rose to his full stature. It is his talk that has given him immortality. Not for the talk, but for its immortality, we are in another man's debt—Boswell's. What Mr. Bailey does not hesitate to call Boswell's genius contains the immense Doctor for us, like a preserving spirit. It was Johnson's eminence as man of letters that originally attracted the young Scot—who, in 1763, first viewed the advancing Leviathan through the glass door dividing the front shop from Mr. Davies's, the bookseller's, back

(Concluded on page 56)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

ONE of the tragedies of growing old is that we seldom grow old

all over. One part of us would still skip as a young ram were it not for the mountain of flesh which encumbers it. Our "faerie" feet might still tiptoe through the tulips if only gout and rheumatism had not made us so heavy-footed. Our mind and imagination still dart eagerly towards the future, only to come face to face with a metaphorical blank wall. People judge us by our grey hair and wrinkles, little guessing that behind them we are sporting with fauns and dreaming our dreams. Common sense forces upon us an outward sedateness, but inwardly we hate our pomposity almost as much as those who have to endure it.

So, as we grow older and older, we are never more our true selves than when we are more and more alone. The human world can no longer hurt us when at last deliberately we can shut it out. So we retire within ourselves—the Young to imagine that we are enduring placidly a somewhat contemptuous resignation, the Old to know that we have entered into an invisible world composed half of weeping, half of smiles. Tears for the joys we have missed and for those which in our youthful foolishness we ignored; laughter at the fuss men make of what in the long run matters little in the relentless scheme of human fate. Metaphorically speaking, we may no longer be able to vault a five-barred gate nor rush around roaring the latest ideology; but, on the other hand, we have entered quietly into a world where Shakespeare is fully understood; where the highest poetry, the loveliest music, the sadness inherent in youth, are gathered into the skein of full understanding.

By Richard King

It is the period of Time's Reaping, and, though it has in it the poignant bitterness of Farewell, nevertheless the last gathering-in of any Harvest has a certain unshed tearfulness mingling with the triumph of its completion.

Only one stark tragedy there is in growing old—the realisation that the loveliest discoveries of life come usually too late. Nature, I always consider, has not been very kind to human beings. Men develop far too tardily for the span of life allotted to them. We should be adult at ten. Such a long probation to wisdom—though wisdom at whatever age is comparative—and so few the years when we can profit by it. Indeed, it may be said that no sooner have we got properly started than Time begins to pack our trunks. To echo a famous advertisement, we may say, "This is life—that was!" And in between the two ejaculations we have got to cram a knowledge not only of life, but of our true selves as well. And then, just as we have obtained a more or less clear glimmering of both, the joints begin to creak, the arteries to harden, the muscles to seek a sofa. And although the Spirit may still go marching on, it has, in hidden reality, to march on by itself. Happily, it can march in good company. It can march in full companionship—with all that is best in literature, music, art and beauty. And although the Smith family may perhaps murmur pitifully "Poor old Mr. Blank," Mr. Blank is probably lost in the thoughts and dreams of men and women whose inner vision once, and for ever, will illuminate the world. Until we have time to "stand and stare" I don't think we ever come to our full stature.



"Monsewer" Eddie Gray, who with Nervo and Knox and Leo Franklyn provides the fun, was congratulated by the cadets after the performance



Army cadets found Adele Dixon, Principal Boy of "Babes in the Wood," as charming off the stage as on it, and told her so

Pantomime Gala

In Aid of Army Cadets' Welfare Fund

• A gala performance of *Babes in the Wood* was given at His Majesty's Theatre, in aid of the Surrey and Middlesex Army Cadets' Welfare Fund. The audience included Army cadets, who were delighted to meet the Principal Boy and other members of the cast after the show



Major-Gen. Lord Bridgeman, Deputy Adjutant-General, was at the pantomime with Gen. Sir Ronald Weeks, Deputy Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Lady Weeks and their daughter, Benetia



Gen. Sir Guy Williams, Cadet Commandant for the County of Middlesex, came with Lady Williams



Col. the Earl of Romney arrived at His Majesty's Theatre with the Countess of Romney



Mrs. S. L. Bibby, wife of the Cadet Commandant for Surrey, and her daughter were with Field-Marshal Lord Milne

ON AND OFF DUTY

(Continued from page 42)

Children's Party

CHILDREN and their parents crowded into the Hungaria for the party given by "Uncle" Joe Vecchi for the offspring of his old friends. For a few hours all thoughts of war were forgotten as grown-ups and children watched, entranced, the expert conjuring of Ernest Sewell and his young partner, Raymond, who gallantly volunteered his services impromptu. A super-tea with plenty of ice-cream was followed by a Punch and Judy Show, which the children hilariously cheered.

Among the children who received personal invitations from Vecchi, very gaily illuminated, were Lord Howland, four-year-old son of the Marquess of Tavistock; Lady Deidre Hare, who came with Miss Caroline Haslett, C.B.E.; Jennifer Nelson, Lady Jane Nelson's daughter; Jeremy and Robin Clyde, the two sons of Lady Elizabeth Clyde; Simon, son of the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmet; Jennifer and Jonathan Agnew, children of the Hon. Mrs. Geoffrey Agnew; Sarah, James and Charles Henderson, children of the Hon. Michael and Mrs. Henderson; Euan Johnstone, son of Col. Ronnie Johnstone, Seaforth Highlanders, and Mrs. Johnstone; Penelope and John Kemp-Welch, who had come up from the country for the occasion with their mother; Sandra and Diana Bearman, grandchildren of Mr. "Lonnie" Limb; Sandra Beaton, granddaughter of Mr. Jack Olding, the racehorse owner and of Caterpillar Tractor fame; and Timothy and Brian Thornton, grandchildren of the Hon. Mrs. Maurice Brett (Zena Dare, the actress), who came with their mother, Mrs. Kenneth Thornton.

Among the grown-ups who seemed to be enjoying the party every bit as much as the children were Mrs. A. V. Alexander, Mr. Eric Hale, Lady Cunningham and Miss Joy Snell.

Engagement

A NEWLY engaged couple, who plan to get married early in February, are Miss Anita Lockett de Loayza and Mr. A. C. Garton. The bride-to-be chose her mother's Peruvian nationality when she was eighteen and able to decide: she is a granddaughter of the Marquis de Loayza, and a relation of the first South American Archbishop. It is an old Spanish custom to append the mother's surname to the father's. On her father's side Miss Lockett is related to Vivian Lockett, the famous polo player. She works in the propaganda department of the B.C.C.

Mr. A. C. (Tony) Garton is in the Grenadier Guards, and was wounded in North Africa in 1943. He was at Eton and Oxford, and rowed for Eton for two years. The wedding is to be at St. James's, Spanish Place, and if she can overcome prevailing difficulties the bride hopes to contrast her traditional white with bridesmaids in crimson velvet, which should be very becoming to her dark, vivid good looks.

Stop-Press Roundabout

M.O.I. worker, Lord Reay, Dutch-born chief of the clan Mackay, dining at the Mirabell; Titian-hair actress Ambrosine Phillipotts, bus-queueing; Lady Elizabeth Hofmannthal, daughter of the Marquess of Anglesey, shopping in immaculate dark-blue slacks and a camel-hair "swagger" coat; in Chesham Place, Dame Lilian Braithwaite, armed with a bottle of milk; octogenarian Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob, doing the household marketing for his wife; Lord Brougham and Vaux similarly occupied, complete with a string-bag; Lady Isobel Blunt-Mackenzie, a diminutive khaki-clad figure, dispatch-riding for the Poles; Lady (Francis) Peek buying books for her soldier husband in Belgium; Emerald Lady Cunard at a "movie."



Children's Party at the Hungaria

Swa

Mothers seem to have enjoyed the Christmas party given by "Uncle" Joe Vecchi at the Hungaria Restaurant as much as their children. The young trumpeters are Penelope Kemp-Welch, Brian Thornton, Timothy Thornton and John Kemp-Welch, the children of Mrs. Kenneth Thornton and Mrs. O. W. Kemp-Welch, who are in the centre of the picture

WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 54)

parlour. Is it ironical that no book Johnson himself wrote should be so well loved as Boswell's *Life of Johnson*? Under the auspices of the kindly bookseller, the ideal biographer met the ideal subject.

Dr. Johnson and His Circle is a study of Johnson in relation at once to his own day—so auspicious, so brilliant and so solid—and to all time. Here, and there one feels currents of that enthusiasm that Dr. Johnson, together with his century, deplored. To the "Circle" itself, I could wish that Mr. Bailey had accorded rather more room. I should have liked rather more of those two agreeable females, Fanny and Mrs. Thrale. Still, the atmosphere of high sociability and hard talk is well rendered. For the present (Home University Library) edition the text has been revised by Dr. L. F. Powell, who supplies an exhaustive and up-to-date bibliography to assist those who wish to continue their Johnson studies.

Resistance

JOSEPH KESSEL'S *Army of Shadows*, translated from the French by J. Haakon Chevalier (Cresset Press; 7s. 6d.), gives, in a series of stories linked by some central figures, a picture of the underground Resistance Movement in France—of the men and women involved in it, their adventures, their ordeals, their devices, the implacable but necessary justice meted out to those who betrayed the cause. This is the unconquerable France with which the Nazi so-called conqueror had to reckon; the France which, for imperative reasons, had to be hidden from us, as from the common foe.

We may now know much, if not yet all. *Army of Shadows* is fact from beginning to end, though the names of persons and places have had to be changed. The treatment of the stories is unsensational; the terrific force of these truths is self-evident, and M. Kessel, rightly, keeps his writing keyed down. Even so, what is told here exceeds in sheer excitingness anything that Hollywood has invented or magazine story-writers, in leisurely years, devised. Truth is not only stranger than fiction, it is more nearly incredible, more fantastic.

In contrast to their extraordinary adventures, the prosaicness of the actual characters is underlined. Gerbier, the engineer; Mathilde, the correct and sober petit bourgeois mother of a large family; Felix, the garage proprietor; Jean François, the charming, former young man about town (whom we first meet on the Promenade des Anglais, Nice, buying two expensive dressing-gowns out of sheer boredom)—all these can be envisaged playing their parts in what we still regard as "ordinary" life. Jean François's surprise with regard to his elder brother, St. Luc, that frail dilettante of the Faubourg St. Germain, is particularly dramatic. One thing all these people—and others I have not named—have in common: they have all been tested in the fire; their country's anguish has brought about in them all such a spiritual change, such a revaluation of everything, that their former personalities are now no more than masks, to be used, when they wish, for purposes of disguise.

These men and women of the movement, working, scheming, living in hourly risk of death and torture in order to free France, have been drawn from everywhere. Among them, distinctions and differences—of class, of politics, of religion—no longer exist. Of the beginning of the movement, "the first stirring," Gerbier speaks to a friend in a concentration camp:

How it came about I don't know. . . . I think no one will ever know. But one day a peasant cut a rural telephone wire. An old woman put her cane athwart the legs of a German soldier. Tracts circulated. A butcher threw into a cold-storage room a captain who was requisitioning meat with too much arrogance. A bourgeois gave the wrong address to the victors who are trying to find their way. Railroad workers, curates, poachers, bankers, help escaped prisoners to get through by the hundreds. Farmers shelter British soldiers. A prostitute refuses to go to bed with the conquerors. French officers, soldiers, masons, painters, conceal weapons. You know nothing of all this. You were here. But for one who felt this awakening, this first stirring, it was the most inspiring thing in the world. It was the sap of liberty that was beginning to rise in the French earth.

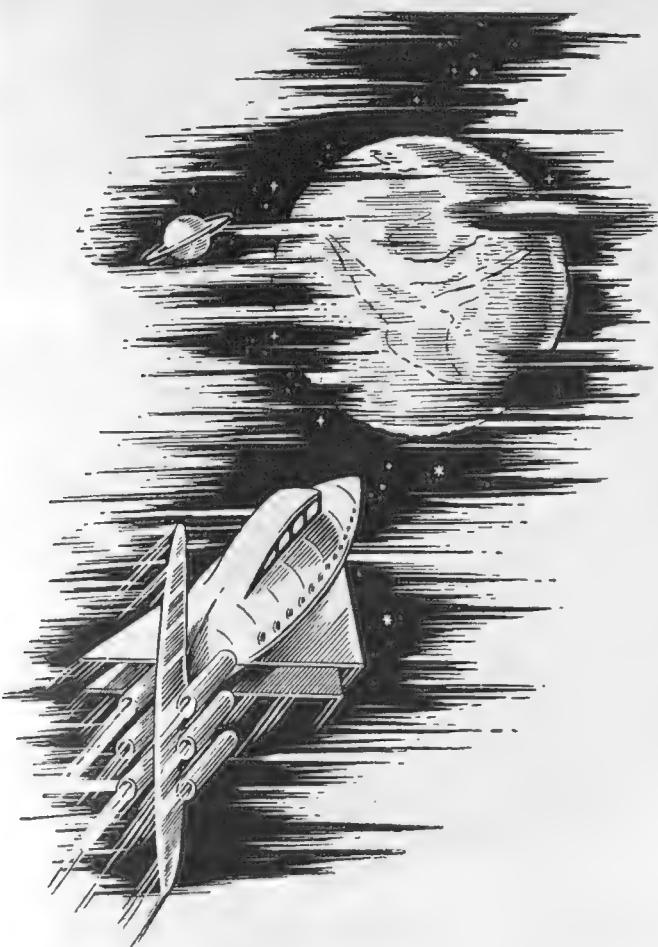
In the last months, we have seen the movement come to fruition: we salute a France once more upright and free. On the way to this, thousands in the "Army of Shadows" perished. Nameless, they are remembered; one feels them present in the integrated new soul of France.

And Company

"BEACHCOMBER"—or J. B. Morton—to my deep satisfaction, gives us another book: *Captain Fouleneough and Company* (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). Meet yet again the engaging and nightmare pack—the Captain himself, doing well out of Katzphur Ltd.; Charles Suet, "the Man"; Mrs. Wretch, who, temporarily embarrassed by her former associates in the Circus, pauses not in her campaign for a Better World; Mr. Justice Cocklecarrot; Lady Cabstanleigh; Lord and Lady Shortcake of Boulton-Wynfevers; Mrs. McGurgle. And as demonic as ever are the "Beachcomber" miscellanies that conclude each part. Borax (our Military Correspondent) and his opposite number, von Spurious, are in form. . . . To begin to quote "Beachcomber" would be fatal: one would keep on all night.

War Poetry

"A GREAT RUSHING OF WINGS, AND OTHER POEMS," by Clarence A. Winchester (Crowther; 5s.), will be read, and re-read, by those who demand that poetry should be comprehensible, lyrical, universal, and strong—strong not in the sense of over-expression, but of build, of power to leave the earth. What is here has a fine upward sweep. I liked particularly the sequence that names the book; and its finale: "Break, dark clouds."



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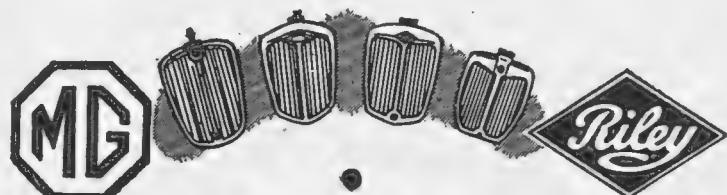
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HOUSECOAT or DRESSING-GOWN?



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Stories from Everywhere

IN a film a Doughboy fishing with rod and line in mid-Atlantic caught a submarine. "That beats all the fishing stories!" chuckled the man in the next seat.

Actually, it doesn't. A former British Ambassador to U.S.A. used to tell of an Englishman who asked the head-keeper Yellowstone National Park if there were any big fish in the lake. "A few," admitted the keeper.

"What's the biggest that's ever been caught?" asked the Englishman.

"Well, sir, I don't know the exact size and weight," said the keeper cautiously, "but I can give you an idea. The lake averages forty feet in depth and is about forty miles round—and when we took that fish the level of the water sank three inches."

A mathematician worked that one out. He said the fish must have been sixteen times as big as St. Paul's Cathedral.

PAT's wife woke in the middle of the night to hear her husband creeping about the kitchen.

"What might ye be looking for, Pat?" she asked.

"Nothin'," called back Pat. "Just nothin'."

"Oh," said his wife cheerfully. "Then you'll find it in the bottle where the whisky used to be!"

"Now, sir," defending counsel said to the witness, "you have known the accused a long time?"

"Twenty odd years," was the reply.

"And you think him perfectly honest?"

"Oh, perfectly!"

"Would you trust him with your own money?"

"Certainly I would."

"Then tell me, sir—do you consider it likely he would have stolen this sum of money as the prosecution alleges?"

"I consider it most unlikely—impossible—that is—er—well, how much was it?"

FROM Norway comes the story of a ticket-collector arrested for insulting the Reichswehr. He had sold a child's ticket to a German soldier.

The ticket-collector protested he'd only obeyed regulations. "How?" he was asked. Regulations, said, were that children's tickets were issued up to sixteen. He'd asked the soldier his age and been told fifteen and a half years.

Case dismissed.

THIS story is "borrowed" from *The Universe*: a young Englishman, while watching a number of seasoned Americans playing poker, was horrified at the way one was cheating. Unable to contain himself, he at last cried to the others: "Gentlemen, I feel my duty to tell you that this person you are playing with dealt the last card from inside his boot."

"Well, and why not?" asked one of the other players. "It was his deal, wasn't it?"

IN Nashville, Tennessee, recently, while watching flames destroy a laundry, a man in shirt sleeves was accosted by a fellow who asked: "Did you work in the laundry?"

The answer was "Yes."

"Well, you can't work there now," said the man. "How'd you like to work for me?"

Again the answer was "Yes," and the man jotted down the name and address of his new employer. Then he moved on among the crowd, stopping to question each person who appeared to have left the burning laundry.

Interested in this novel system, a passer-by tapped the employer on the shoulder and asked: "When do you think of this?" He grinned and replied: "Some time ago. We couldn't find help any other way. We make it a regular practice to follow the fire engines."



Kathleen Moody, this year's "Cinderella" at the Winter Garden Theatre, must be one of pantomime's most popular principal girls. She has been playing the role since at the age of fourteen she appeared at the famous old pantomime theatre, the Argyle at Birkenhead. As a protegee of Gracie Field's, Kathleen went on the stage when she was twelve; since then, apart from pantomime experience, she has had her own act on the Halls and has made frequent appearances in the Radio programme Variety Bandbox. She hopes soon to make her debut in musical comedy



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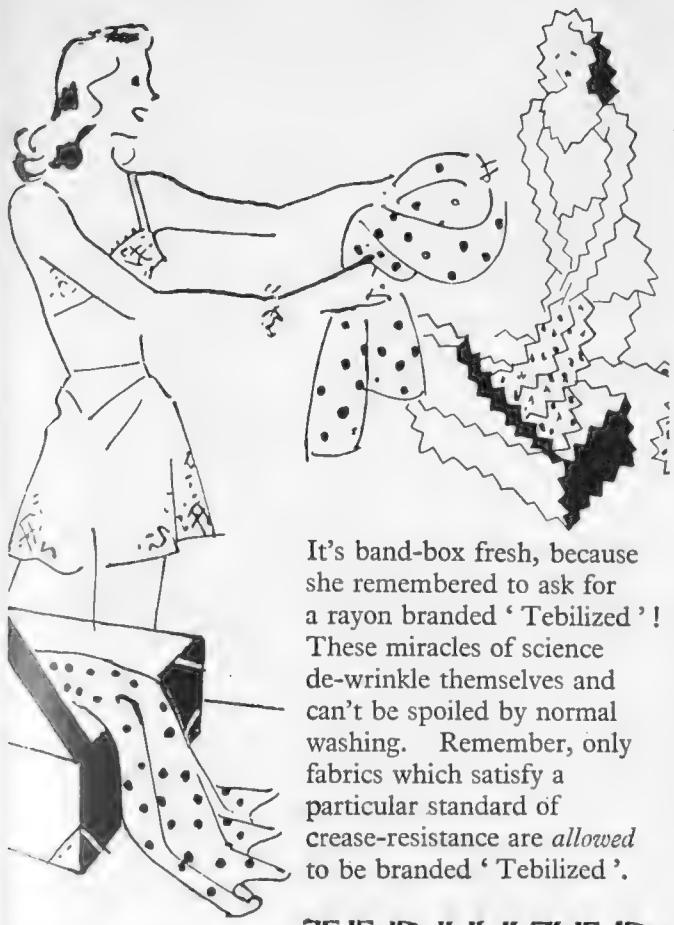
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Fog and Flight

THE term "blind flying" has led some people into the error of thinking that aircraft are also capable of blind taking-off and blind landing. And it is true that blind take-offs and blind landings have been made successfully. But, as yet, blind landings are not practical as an ordinary air line procedure. There comes a moment when all the paraphernalia of radio and radar and beams and markers and beacons and aural signals must be cast aside and the pilot must go back to plain, old-fashioned eye-sight and peer out for the runway. If this final touch-down could be satisfactorily arranged by automatic means, it might become possible to claim that air transport were less affected by fog than land transport. On the other hand land transport, by employing some of the devices developed for aviation, might keep itself one step ahead.

AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

obstruction which the scanning apparatus will not pick up or indicate correctly. In the air the only obstruction is another aircraft, and when the movements of all aircraft are plotted in a control room, the risk of collision should be eliminated.

Aerodrome Life

I HEARD it argued the other day that the Naval officer is, on the average, a much more interesting, articulate and complete man than the comparable Army or Royal Air Force officer. My own experience agrees with this finding, and it is useful to speculate upon the influences which produce the differences.

It is likely that aerodrome life is bad for those who have to live it. It is monastical and therefore an extension of public school life. The officers at a station tend to get that ghastly "all-boys-together" spirit which is often good for fighting morale, but extremely bad for general savvy and articulateness. A restricted slang takes the place of the more difficult process of self-expression in normal language. Although women may be on the station they are all serving in the forces and are therefore brought within the artificial ambit of discipline and factitious orders of merit. There is, in consequence, no normal relationship with them. The public school gawkishness in the presence of women is intensified by aerodrome life. And it is astonishing how much cut off from the world are those who live on aerodromes. They can live for weeks and even months in their little worlds, scarcely conscious that there is another bigger world outside.

It would be a good thing if there were a close study of these influences, which do undoubtedly leave their mark on men who serve in the Royal Air Force. It is true that a ship is also monastical while at sea; but when it reaches a port the personnel are severed from their little world and thrown out into the big one. And perhaps that does them good.

One Service

ALL of which makes me return to my old subject of a single fighting service. I do not think that air power will ever be allowed to do all it can do in war until there is a merging of the three Services. Such a merging is gaining popularity in America. It will come in the end (in spite of Lord Trenchard's gallant fight for hansom-cab arrangements) and it will improve the efficiency of the fighters. It will also be beneficial in the psychological field I was discussing above. One of the problems of the Air Force is concerned with the fact that the active flying life of a man is comparatively short, but that although he may excel in the air, he may be less well suited to ground duties. The consequence is that one whose heart is in flying can look forward to only a short period of usefulness with nothing much to take its place afterwards. If the three Services were one, there would be many more ground jobs in relation to air jobs and the essentially Air Force difficulties would be eased. There would still be the competition which is needed in order to obtain the highest efficiency because that would exist between unit and unit; but there would no longer be the highly undesirable political competition.

We do not want three Ministers vying with one another for money from the Treasury and for raw materials. We want a co-ordinated effort and above all we want a team of scientific workers who have the whole war picture in mind and not only one-third of it. It often happens that a research undertaken for ground purposes reveals an air aspect. I suppose that the development of the various kinds of compass that are used in the air, including the latest Bendix flux gate compass, may be looked on as extensions of work on the ordinary marine compass.



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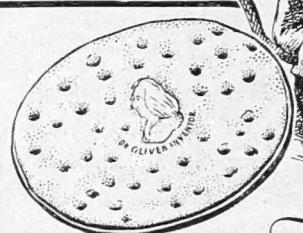
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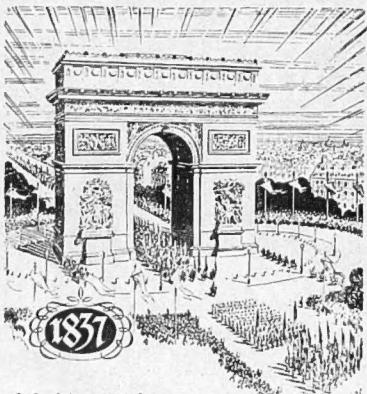
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